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**Roger Smith:**  
"The girl who  
"ke my heart"

**Paula Graham's**  
Hollywood Lowdown

**Wednesday Weld:**  
"I lead  
my own life"



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JANET LEIGH



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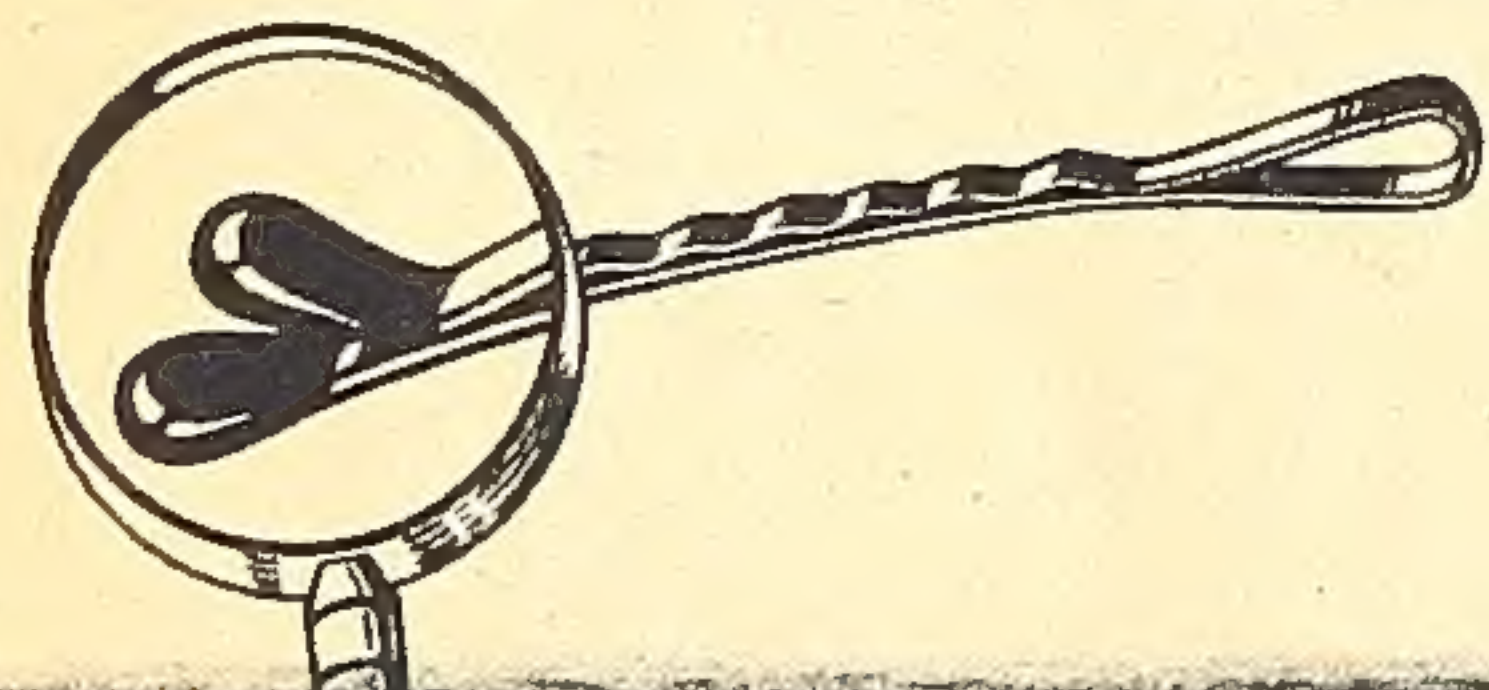
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# Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

Volume 61, No. 6

May, 1960

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NED L. PINES PUBLISHER  
Frank P. Lualdi General Manager  
Joe Johnston V.P.-Circulation Director  
Eugene J. Lowther Advertising Director  
Irving Wechsler Circulation Manager  
Sayre Ross Production Manager

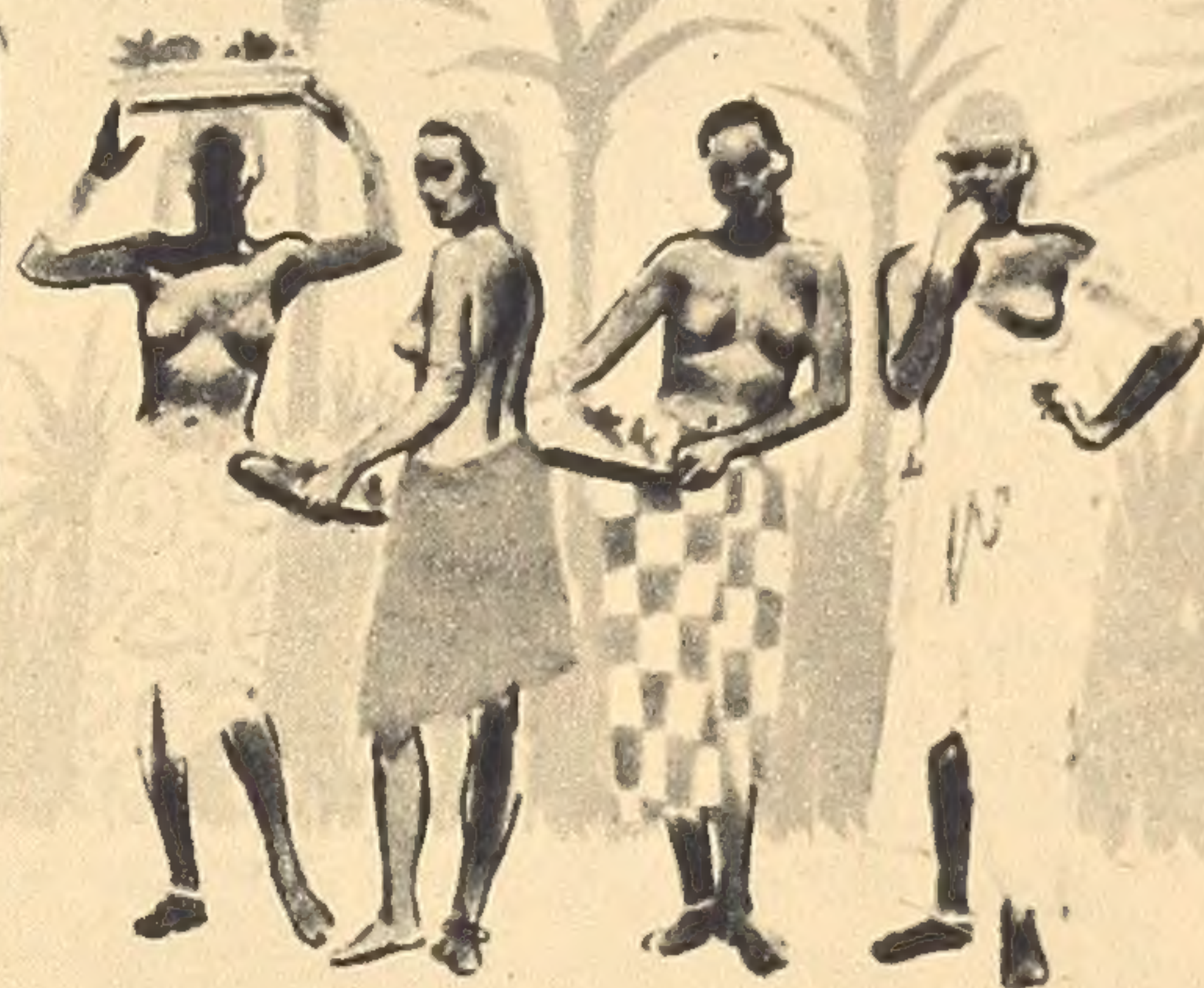
SCREENLAND Plus TV-LAND published bi-monthly and copyrighted 1960 by Popular Library, Inc., 355 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Editorial, Executive and Subscription Offices, 355 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y. President, Ned L. Pines; Executive Vice-President, Frank P. Lualdi; Treasurer, James E. Galton. Advertising Offices: 355 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.; William R. Stewart, Chicago Manager, 9 So. Clinton St., Chicago 6, Ill.; Murray Bothwell, West Coast Manager, 234 E. Colorado St., Pasadena 1, Calif. Manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention, but SCREENLAND Plus TV-LAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Address all subscription mail to Subscription Department, SCREENLAND Plus TV-LAND, 355 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y. Single copy price \$.25, subscription \$3.75 for 12 issues, in U.S. and possessions, \$4.75 elsewhere. When entering a new subscription allow not less than 60 days for your first copy to reach you. When renewing subscription, prompt remittance helps to assure continuous service. Change of address must reach us five weeks in advance. Be sure to give both old and new address and zone or other information necessary. Second-class postage paid at Dunellen, N.J. Printed in the U.S.A. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.



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# Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Ava Gardner to tell all about her private life?
- TV holdout Cary Grant changing his mind



**H**ELLO FROM Hollywood, New York, London, and from wherever the name Hollywood spells Glamour and the glorious creatures who entertain you in all the media of entertainment. Because Hollywood is no longer a place, it's a condition. Take Kim Novak, for instance. Kim is now based in a ground-floor duplex in New York City. "I prefer the East," she told me when I visited her for tea. "I jet to Hollywood to work, but for living, give me the East" . . . She was a bit more vague about her intentions towards constant escort Richard Quine. I got the feeling that the first fine careless rapture was over. (P.S. Please don't marry him Kim *before* this piece is published). . . .

Dick Powell and June Allyson, who used to give each such practical presents as dishwashers and garbage disposals are now spending money for pure pleasure. Like the big diamond ring Dick gave June—the first since their marriage. And the lovely mink coat June gave to June—"all my own money," she told me proudly. Well, in a way it's Dick's because he

pays her for the TV show she makes for his Four Star company. . . . Rock Hudson's smash hit, "Pillow Talk", was barging around Hollywood for ten years before Universal-International decided to take a chance on it. Rock will soon be making films for his own company. I hope he picks them as well as his studio has. . . . All of a sudden Bing Crosby is terribly ambitious and wants to work all the time. He certainly doesn't need the greenbacks.

Debbie Reynolds continues to amaze me. On the one hand, she accepts very expensive presents from Harry Karl. And on the other, she bravely attends functions where she knows she will run into Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher. Debbie even wanted to attend the recent testimonial dinner for Jennie Grossinger where Eddie was the principal speaker. Yes, Liz was there. And Debbie was finally persuaded to stay away. Is it bravery or bravado? . . . Tony Curtis is turning down all pictures for the summer. He wants to be in Italy with wife Janet Leigh for the Olympic games. They have a ten bedroom house there for all members of The Pack.



**HAPPILY** married four years, Rosemary and Bob Stack celebrate anniversary at LaRue.



**ARRIVING** at Egyptian Theater for a film premiere are John Gavin and wife Cicely.





**MARILYN** Monroe with her co-star, Yves Montand, at a party she gave in his honor.

The big question if Gypsy Rose Lee marries Billy Rose—whose home will they live in. Gypsy won't budge from hers. And Billy believes that a *man's* home is a His and Hers castle.

The secret of Margaret Sullavan's deafness was no secret to her friends. I knew it during her "Voice Of The Turtle" stage days. What she hated most of all was getting older. Poor Maggie. . . . I was on a radio show—with Jackie Gleason, Moss Hart and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and they all complained about the bad dressing rooms in the theater. I found it hard to be sorry for them, with the fame and money that goes with bad dressing rooms.

Errol Flynn's memoirs, "My Wicked, Wicked Ways", is the most severe case of self-condemnation I have ever read. How this once handsome star detested women. And what a job he does on Lili Damita. . . . Jeff Chandler and Esther Williams can't seem to make up their minds. . . . But I don't believe the rumors of trouble with Shelley Winters and Anthony Franciosa. . . . The only good thing that came to Anna Kashfi as a result of her court

*continued on page 59*



**SUSAN** Kohner has stars in her eyes while dancing with boy friend George Hamilton.

# WHOEVER YOU ARE YOU'RE IN THIS PICTURE!

Because this tells of youth's challenge to grown-ups who don't understand!



"One mistake doesn't make me a scarlet woman!"



"My kisses aren't going to pay rent for the ring you gave me!"



"We don't love people because they're perfect . . . we'd have no one to love!"

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# Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

## Home From The Hill

**A** MAN like the Texan played by Robert Mitchum likes life as though he's the personal representative of masculinity. He's made it an almost sacred duty to establish himself as a superb male with large appetites for danger, respect, and women. The last taste wrecked Mitchum's marriage to Eleanor Parker shortly after their honeymoon. Because of their son, they continue to live together. It isn't until the boy, George Hamilton, reaches the age of 17 that old wounds are rubbed raw again. Now, it's his turn to prove his manhood. Helping Mitchum with Hamilton's education is Luana Patten and George Peppard, a lonely young man who seems to be in a constant state of waiting for something special to happen. Strangely enough, when things do start fomenting, Mitchum isn't the catalyst this time. Junior innocently but with dreadful effectiveness begins to live up to his father's reputation. Besides being one of the best Technicolored adaptations of a best-seller, this has young Hamilton, an exceptionally talented juvenile, and Peppard, who by all rights should be marked for stardom—his charm has a subtle quality that wears well. (MGM.)

## Hellbent For Leather

**A** STRANGER in town, cowboy Audie Murphy is mistaken for a killer. No amount of explaining on his part can set matters right until marshal Stephen McNally takes over. He believes Murphy all right, but before anyone else can discover the truth, Murphy will be dead, and McNally collects the reward and credit. By sheer luck, Murphy manages to escape this sinister scheme, and, taking Felicia Farr along as hostage, attempts to find the real murderer. As Westerns go, this Technicolored one is a good, workmanlike number with Murphy looking as boyish as ever. (Universal-International.)

## Please Don't Eat The Daisies

**D**OMESTIC comedy that flits around drama critics and plays. At first when David Niven gives up a Columbia University professorship to become a critic on one of New York's leading newspapers, wife Doris Day is ecstatic. It means money enough to pack themselves and four young sons off to the suburbs. There, Doris becomes involved in the PTA, being neighborly and joining the local little theater group. Niven is 70 miles away in N.Y.C.



**SOBBING** Luana Patten confides in George Peppard in film "Home From The Hill"

making deadlines, witty shrewd observations on the theatrical scene, and possibly actress Janis Paige. Things often aren't what they seem yet Doris is spurred into a frenzy of activity luring her mate back to the fold. Unfortunately, all the effort is wasted once Niven gets a load of the play Doris is putting on for the benefit of a hospital: a resurrected clinker written by Niven during his college days. Some spot for a critic as merciless on others as Niven! Naturally, all ends well with a Technicolored shower of kisses. It couldn't be otherwise in this light exercise of clever lines and amusing situations. (MGM.)

## Visit To A Small Planet

**S**OMEHOW, everyone suspected that if a flying saucer landed, out would step a Jerry Lewis-like creature. Long accustomed to being out of this world, Jerry takes to his role of interplanetary visitor as if it were a birthright. The moment he steps out of his flying saucer, he approaches a dog and says: "Take me to



**DORIS** Day and David Niven have a perplexing moment in "Please Don't Eat The Daisies".

**BEATNIK** Barbara Lawson plays up to zany Jerry Lewis in "Visit To A Small Planet"





ur general." His time-mechanism is off  
 chronization and Jerry thinks he has  
 ived during the Civil War. However,  
 ce he makes contact with present day  
 thlings Fred Clark, Joan Blackman,  
 rl Holliman, Lee Patrick and Gale  
 rdon, the action really starts. Possessed  
 powers far exceeding mortal man,  
 ry can tune in on thoughts, is protected  
 an invisible barrier, and can disinte-  
 ate anything with a mere flick of an  
 eyebrow. Yet with all these superhuman  
 ents, old Jere is himself pulverized by  
 thing more lethal than a sweaterful of  
 an. One of the choicer Lewis comedies,  
 is for a time at least gives him a chance  
 straight comedy before slapstick and  
 ayhem take over. (Paramount.)

### The Third Voice

WHEN a business tycoon tosses over  
 secretary-mistress Laraine Day for a  
 -year-old society beauty, a diabolical  
 theme is launched. As Laraine's assist-  
 at, Edmund O'Brien, looking exception-  
 ly well in his new trim physique, under-  
 kes a few of the heavier chores involved  
 ch as sinking a lead-weighted body  
 f the shores of Mexico. He also is en-  
 usted with the financial returns. That  
 Laraine's first mistake. For reasons  
 est know to him, O'Brien latches on  
 Julie London, a tempting package  
 ith hidden surprise, though you wouldn't  
 now it from the clothes she doesn't wear.  
 ince this is the sort of thriller that saves  
 s Sunday punch for a flashy finale, make  
 are you see this from the beginning.  
 20th Century-Fox.)

### The Snow Queen

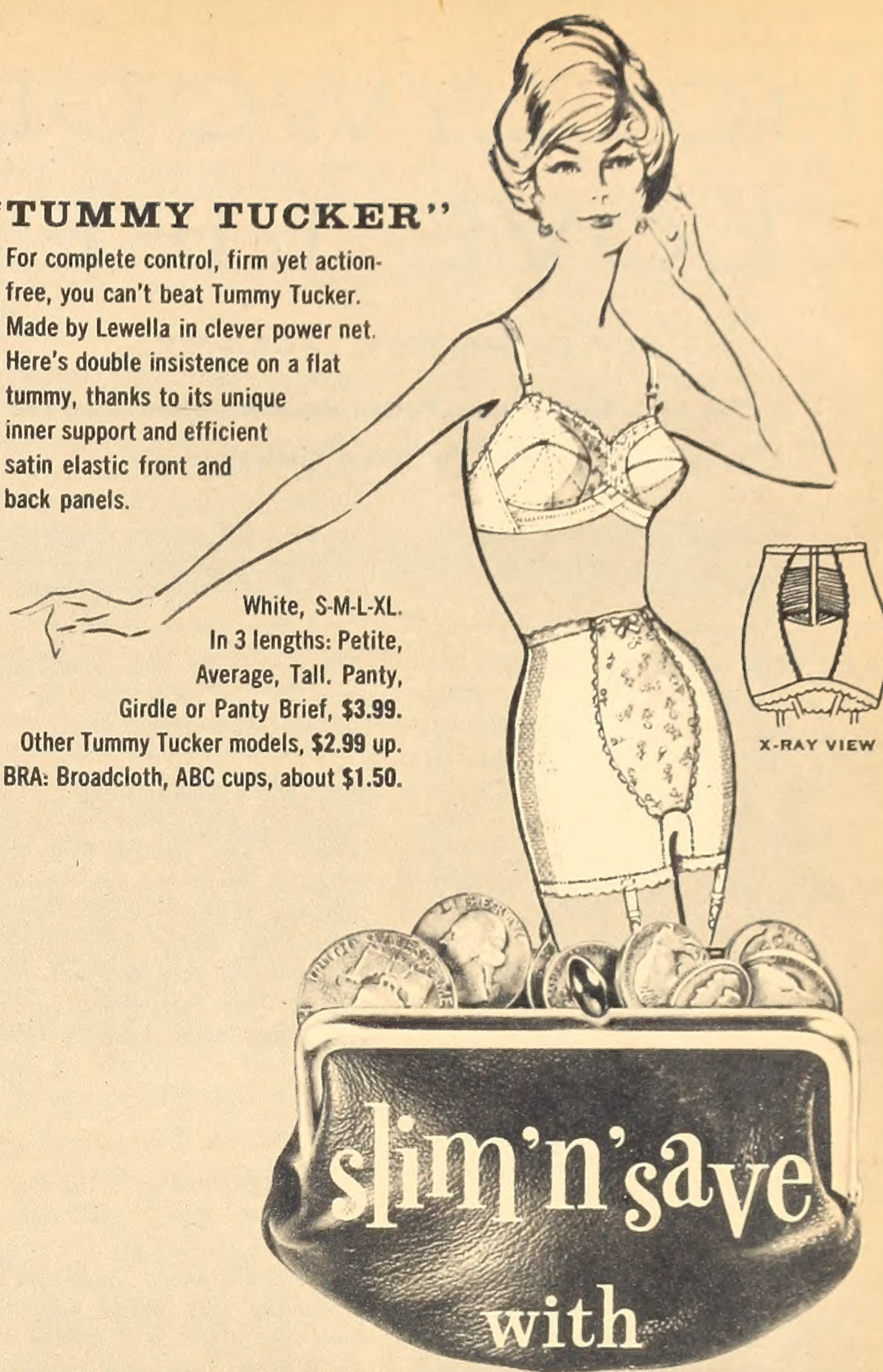
FULL-LENGTH cartoon that uses vivid  
 poster paint colors in telling another  
 f Hans Christian Andersen's stories.  
 With the voices of Sandra Dee and  
 Tommy Kirk, this is a lesson in the won-  
 derous powers of true love. After the icy  
 Snow Queen of the North abducts a little  
 boy, his playmate goes through a kaleido-  
 scope of strange experiences before rescu-  
 ing him. Depending on the age of the  
 child watching, these flights of the imagi-  
 nation can range from being downright  
 frightening to just plain enjoyable. Scat-  
 tered throughout are the inevitable songs  
 that somehow sound much like ones you've  
 heard before. All in all, though this is  
 cut from exactly the same pattern as other  
 cartoons, it still manages through color  
 and characters to be quite enjoyable.  
 (Universal-International.)

### Can-Can

BOISTEROUS, uninhibited Techni-  
 colored hoopla—that's much more  
 French than the ancestry of its two lead-  
 ing stars: Frank Sinatra and Shirley Mac-  
 Laine. However, as a sop to authenticity,  
 Louis Jourdan and Maurice Chevalier are  
 also on hand in this sideshow of French

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morals and romance. Incredible as it  
 seems, there actually was a time when  
 the French banned the shocking display  
 called the can-can. Most strongly opposed  
 is Judge Jourdan, but direct exposure to  
 the can-canniest of them all, Shirley, in a  
 rowdy exhibition of petticoats, garters and  
 thighs, soon blasts him out of his silken  
 cocoon. He even proposes marriage which  
 is something Sinatra—heaven forbid—  
 should ever do. Intrigued with being re-  
 spectable for a change, Shirley might have  
 ended her career then and there if  
 Sinatra and Chevalier hadn't muddled her  
 rosy future. Based on the Broadway musi-  
 cal, this is lovely to look at, a delight to

hear and has some of the zestiest French  
 dressing in years. (20th Century-Fox.)

### Kidnapped

LIFE in 18th Century Scotland, accord-  
 ing to Robert Louis Stevenson, was a  
 time of constant peril. Rebellions, greedy  
 relatives, all sorts of cutthroats, and no  
 psychiatrists. James MacArthur becomes  
 involved in much of these doings when  
 he leaves home to claim his inheritance  
 to a titled estate. Finding that murder  
 fails to eliminate James, Uncle John  
 Laurie has his nephew kidnapped for

continued on page 67



# HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

- ★ The John Smith-Luana Patten wedding plans stymied
- ★ A reconciliation for the Efrem Zimbalists

**MILES FOR MILLIE**—Hating every minute of separation from fiancé Dean Stockwell and still waiting for a film assignment—she's had none since "Diary Of Anne Frank"—Millie Perkins decided to take a trip to England where Dean's starring in "Sons And Lovers". She booked an over-the-Pole plane trip and told her 20th Century bosses she was leaving. "Okay, but be back ready to work in three weeks," she was told. So, Millie went, still unaware of what her assignment would be, although assured it was "something big". Millie has many chums in London and Paris from her fashion modeling days before "Anne". Hollywood, however, couldn't help wondering if Millie and Dean would quietly tie the knot while she was there.

**NEW LOVE**—Susan Kohner has forgotten Mark Damon and has slipped for George Hamilton. They met while working in "All The Fine Young Cannibals" and apparently the "like love bit" brushed off. It's obvious George has slipped for Susan, too, because he's been driving her all around town to shop in her T-bird, leaving his own beloved Rolls

*Royce at home. Before meeting Susan he wouldn't go anywhere—but anywhere—without his beautiful Rolls.*

**SMART GIRL**—Barry Coe's bride, Jorunn, really means her promise of "no career". The former Miss Norway was asked to be interviewed about her native land for a TV travelogue but she refused even that! Barry and "Joey" were so disappointed they couldn't do any skiing during their honeymoon in Norway that when they came back to California and Barry had a few days off they went directly to Squaw Valley, site of the Winter Olympics, to ski.

**SURPRISE**—Van Williams of "Bourbon Street Beat" and Vicki Richards, Jeff's ex-wife, had set and postponed wedding dates so many times that chums were predicting they might never marry. But then one night at 8 o'clock, Van called his Warner bosses and announced he and Vicki were being wed at 9 the next morning at the Wayfarer's Chapel in Palos Verdes. The studio barely had time to get a photographer there!

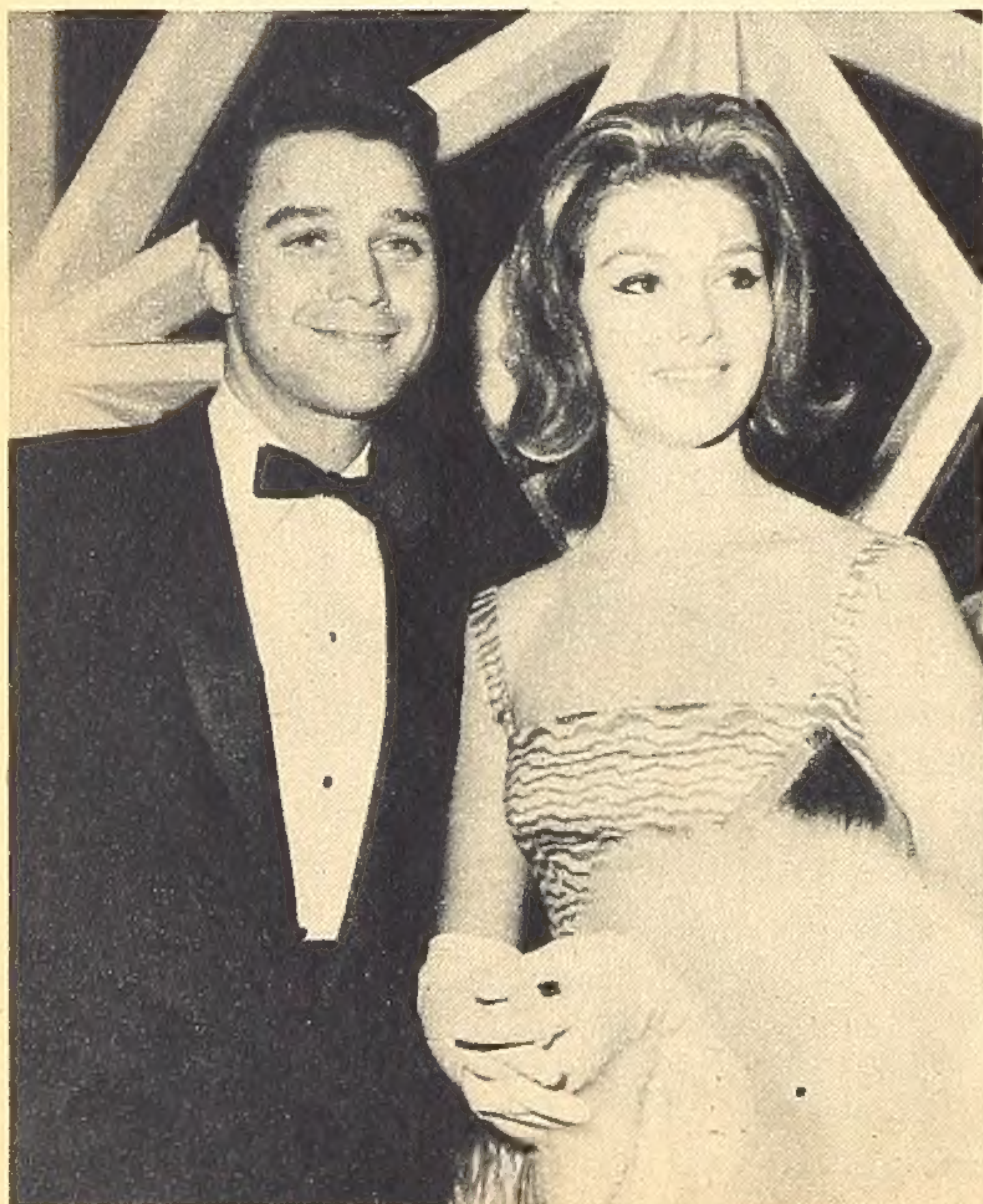


**NEWLYWEDS** Barry Coe and lovely Jorunn Kristiansen attend a post-premiere party.

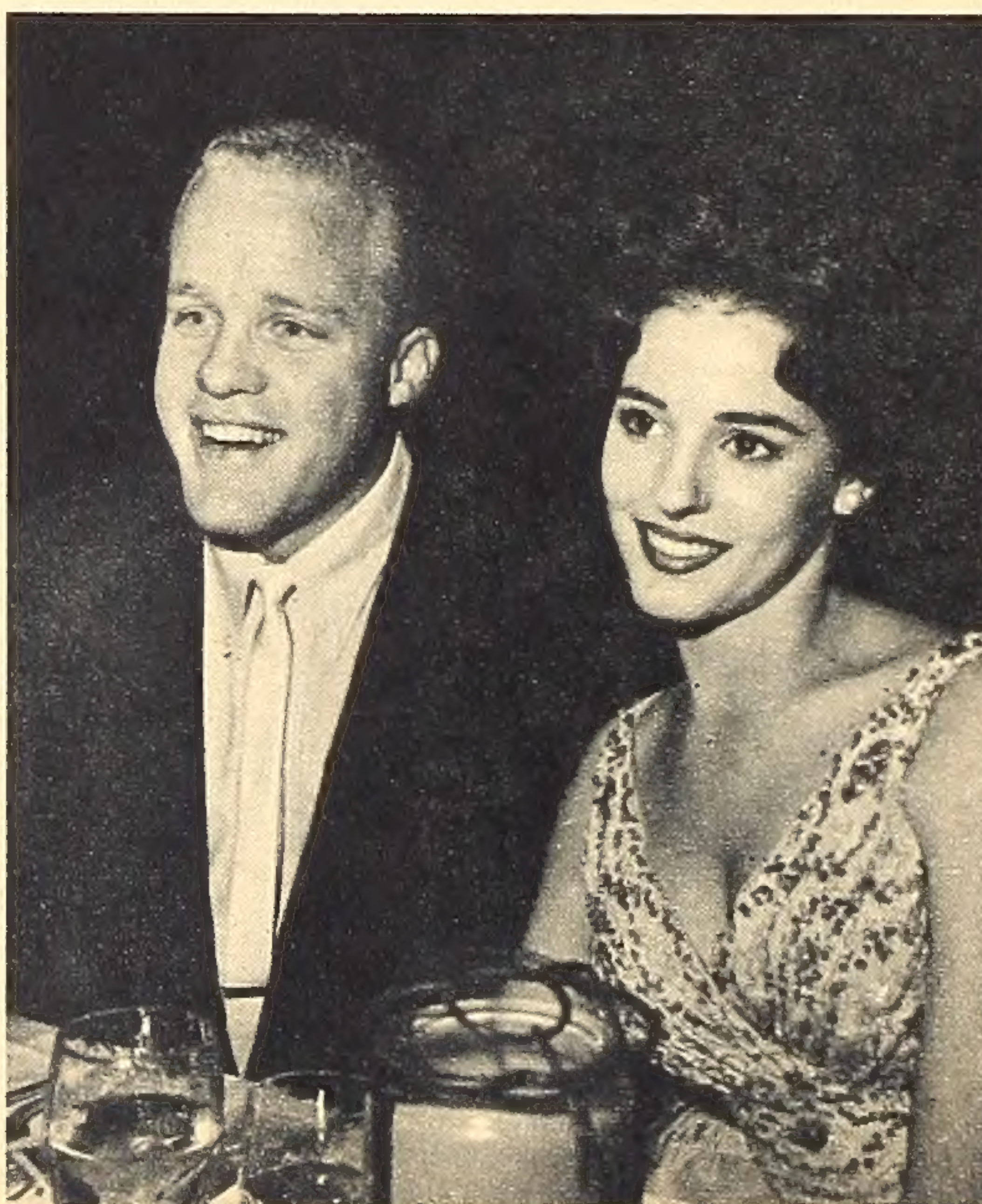
**MORE WEDDINGS**—Brett Halsey and Luciana Paluzzi decided on a wedding in Las Vegas but pal David Hedison traveled up to be on hand to kiss the bride, just as he does in all the "Fingers" segments. Hedison is a happy lad—he's been signed for the feature "The Lost World", and has a new romance going with Susan Oliver, who's good in "The Gene Krupa Story". . . . was a Santa Barbara church wedding. Fess Parker and Marcie Rinehart, former secretary and partner in a music publishing business. And not a David Crockett cap in sight! The Parkers will live in Santa Barbara except when Fess is before cameras.

**SECRET**—Michael Callan assures us over a high-protein, low-calorie steak and tomatoes lunch that he's working so hard now that for "the first time since I came to Hollywood I'm not romantically involved." But he admitted he's dating. He added, "We're trying to keep it a secret. Sorry, Mickey, but we know the gal—Asa Maynor who used to be Edd Byrnes' heart-throb. Mickey is working hard, studying and rehearsing dancing and singing which he hasn't used since his Broadway stage days; he's done three straight dramatic roles here. Now he'll do a jive ballet in "Pepe" with Cantinflas and singing in "Gidget Goes Hawaiian". He's also busy buying furniture for the Japanese-modern house he's leased.

**STRAIGHT HOME**—There was a tour for Victoria Shaw when she finished "Aim At The Stars". She took the first available plane for home, husband Roger Smith and her two children. She said she was "desperately unhappy" being separated from them and "spent my entire allowance" on long-distance phone calls to Roger. He, in turn, was so miserable with Vicky away that friends said he was "a bear and a bore talking nothing but Vicky, Vicky, Vicky." Said one chum: "Roger's really too nice ever to be a bear but he wasn't himself. And it's refreshing to know a married couple—especially



**THOUGH** Mickey Callan's been seeing a lot of Asa Maynor he also dates Linda Roberts.



**PHIL** Crosby, of the singing brothers, and his pretty wife Betty at the Cocoanut Grove.





**ONDA Fleming** dances with favorite beau **Troutman** at dinner party she gave.

Hollywood—so devoted they're miserable when separated." How true. Roger had stay here for "77 Sunset Strip".

**HOUSE-HAPPY**—Newlyweds **Gia** and **Don Burnett** moan that they're poor. For several months they paid rentals on three houses! It's a crazy story. When they married, Don had a lease on a beach house, Gia had one on a Laurel Canyon place but both were too small for a couple so they leased a larger home, planned to sublease the others. Before they could, Gia was sent to Germany for "I Aim At The Stars" and Don decided to go along. At film's end they toured Europe by car, then came home. Fortunately now their old leases have expired.

**WORLD-HOPPING**—James Darren and bride **Evy Norlund** will just be back from their European honeymoon—they went to Denmark to visit her family and then Italy to see some of Jimmy's relatives—when he'll have to head in the opposite direction. Jimmy will co-star with **Mickey Callan** and **Sandra Dee** in "Gidget Goes Hawaiian" which will be filmed on location in the Islands. Evy will go along unless a film assignment interferes; she'll continue her career. Jimmy co-starred with Sandra in the original "Gidget" last year.

**TYMIED**—**John Smith** and **Luana Patten** have been trying to set a wedding date for months but have been foiled by production schedules. They want a real honeymoon, preferably a month in the Bahamas, not "just two days in Las Vegas." First they hoped to wed March on his birthday. But Luana was signed for two more MGM films, "Go Naked In The World" and "Where The Boys Are". The latter to shoot in Miami. If John can get away, he may go to Florida for a wedding there. But his "Laramie" series is due to shoot through May. So they may wait until Luana's birthday, July 6. John has already bought their honeymoon house and they've started furnishing it.

**TOM'S TALENTED**—Now that Tom Tryon has finished his role in "The Story Of Ruth" he's spending most of his waking hours on his "other love"—painting. Several of his oils and watercolors have been accepted for an exhibit at the Los Angeles County Art Museum and later he'll have a one-man show in a Beverly Hills art gallery. Betty Lynn continues as his best girl but he's also dated **Letitia Navaroni**, a pretty young actress friend of **Luciana Paluzzi**.

**NOT CHANGEABLE**—**Carolyn Jones**, who's jumped from one film to another, is having her first vacation in more than a year since the wind-up of "Ice Palace" and is "having a ball just enjoying the new house." She and husband **Aaron Spelling** moved in six months ago but she wasn't able until now to finish the decorating. And Aaron points with pride to the fact that his wife hasn't changed her mind about decorations during all that time when she could have. Carolyn planned the entire house, even did the original rough sketches which she turned over to the architect, later personally selected all colors and furnishing details.

**GIRLS' LOSS**—Two of our town's most eligible and sought-after bachelors have been so busy working and traveling that their love life is strictly non-steady and the gals are groaning! **Hugh O'Brian**, after his success on Broadway as a substitute for **Andy Griffith** in "Destry Rides Again", took off for Australia for a month of personal appearances with a Wild West show. Then he'll take a few weeks' vacation in Hong Kong, Japan and Hawaii. He's also done a **Desilu Playhouse** segment in which our **Wyatt** plays a "modern, sophisticated, brainy and refined detective." It's "The Eighth Circle" and you can see it soon.

**BOB'S NEW LOVE**—The other bachelor, **Robert Horton**, says his new love is "the City of London." He went there to

do two TV shows and got the treatment from fans that **Presley** gets here! Seems "Wagon Train" is the only American TV show in the British top ten; it's been number one in popularity for a year, as a matter of fact. And his fan club in London is something. When it was announced that he'd do a "Sunday Night At The Palladium" TV show, there were 15,000 requests for tickets the first day. The Palladium seats 2,000! When he returned he sandwiched "Wagon Train" assignments between trips to **Odessa, Texas**, for a rodeo; a business trip to **New York**, then back to Texas for the **Houston Fat Stock Show**. How could he have a "steady girl" here in Hollywood?

**NEW INTERESTS**—While **Diane Jergens** and **Peter Brown** were married they were apartment dwellers. Now that they're divorcing Peter has bought a spacious and comfortable house in **Burbank**, complete with stable for two horses. Diane has been in **Manila** doing a TV series. But Peter isn't matrimonially inclined at the moment, although he's been dating **Connie Stevens** and young TV actress **Suzanne Lloyd**. He has **Bob Colbert**, newly signed at **Warners**, as a house-mate. Each has his own horse, conveniently stabled in the back yard.

**NEW ROMANCE**—Hottest new two-some in town is **Dorothy Provine** and **Buddy Bregman**. Buddy, the composer-musician who almost married **Anna Maria Alberghetti** last year, has turned producer, will make "High Button Shoes" for **Warners**. And Dorothy, as a switch from "The Alaskans", will have one of the two femme leads. She'll sing, which she does very well, in "Shoes". **Jim Garner**, whose "Cash McCall" proves his comedy talent, will be a male lead. Dorothy, on her very first trip to **New York** recently, had Buddy as a guide. They did the shows 'n' sights and she reported it was a real ball.

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**BASHFUL** Will Hutchins seems to be having gay old time at party with **Sherry Jackson**.



**FIRST** anniversary is celebrated by **Mickey Rooney** and his fifth wife, **Carolyn Mitchell**.



# Headed for the altar?

*1960 looks like the year that Kim,  
so many times in love,  
will finally walk down the matrimonial  
aisle and whisper, "I do"*

By HELEN HENDRICKS

**A**N UNKIND REPORTER has quipped that Kim Novak "has been accused of everything—except being an actress. Her love affairs get better reviews than her acting."

It's true that Kim's mad romances with such suave, hand-kissing, enormously wealthy Romeos as the Italian tomato king, "Count" Mario Bandini, South American playboy "Baby" Pignatari, Dominican Republic's General Rafael Trujillo, Jr., and Aly Khan, have made international headlines.

But when, and if, the girl who leapt from rags to riches marries the man of her heart, quiet, gentlemanly, far-from-rich director Richard Quine, there will be no jealous pangs from such play-girls as Zsa Zsa Gabor or Linda Christian. This hoped-for-marriage, Kim's friends believe, is just what the fluorescent blonde really needs. Quine is a highly-talented, sensitive and creative man who is devoted to her not because she is a glamorous movie star or can advance his career, but for herself alone. It's no quickie romance, either, for Richard was Kim's director on her first film in 1954. But then he was married and Kim was in love with her long-time suitor, theater-owner Mac Krim.

The flamboyant romances of Hollywood's most eligible bachelor girl have had frequent hints of eye-popping scandal. Poor Kim. Even in her association with Dick Quine there have been nasty column digs.

A New York gossip-columnist tattled in 1958: "Kim's current flame, Richard Quine, is a famous director who's having marital troubles, and Kim's certainly not helping this fellow and his wife to patch up their difficulties. In fact, every time the director's wife sees the color lavender (or even hears the word), she sees red." And another columnist cat-chatted more recently, "Dick got a divorce so he and Kim could wed but they're both still single. She went through a rather rough time in her personal life when Dick Quine, with whom she is deeply in love, was in the process of divorcing his wife and at the same time having doubts as to whether or not Kim would really love him when he was finally available. His doubts were logical since Kim's history is to love best what she can't have. It is the race that Kim enjoys, not the winning of it."

With fire in her lovely amber eyes, Kim snapped back at the insinuations. "I was not responsible for the dissent in the Richard Quine household. These irresponsible remarks hurt be-

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**THE MAN** in Kim's life, with whom she'll tie the nuptial knot this year, according to friends, is director Dick Quine.

**GORGEOUS** Kim has matured both as an actress and a woman, and her days of girlish crushes now appear over.









**PICTURE** of wife, Vicki Shaw, is all Roger had to console him while she was in Europe filming Columbia's "I Aim At The Stars".



By ROGER SMITH

# The girl who broke my heart"

*She was all that Roger ever*

*dreamed of when he*

*was an impressionable college*

*boy. When she gave him*

*the air, he was in torment*

HEIDI WAS HER NAME, and she broke my heart. I guess it was inevitable. I would even venture to say it happens to every fellow at one time or another. It happened to me when I was a junior at the University of Arizona, at Nogales.

To me Heidi was not just a girl. She was a state of mind. A way of life. She was all that I ever dreamed of.

I had often watched her on the campus, but I would have no more dared talk to her than to the president of the United States. It wasn't just that she was more beautiful than any girl I had ever seen, but because we came from such entirely different backgrounds. Although I had lived in Los Angeles when I was a boy, my family had moved to Nogales when I was about 11 years old. I was strictly "small town".

On the other hand, Heidi came from one of the better families in southern California. She was well-dressed, social, cosmopolitan. Her picture appeared in the society page. Boys were competing for her favors. She seemed unapproachable. And except for a curious coincidence, I am sure we would never have met.

I attended college on a football scholarship, which meant that in addition to my academic work, I had a lot of practice to do on the field. As a result, I worked late hours and did little dating.

One night I came home about nine o'clock from football practice. As usual, my fraternity brothers already had their supper, except for two other fellows and myself, who were eating by ourselves in the dining room.

I was halfway through my meal when a bunch of Chi Omega girls started to raid my fraternity. Before I knew what was happening, they were running all over the house. Guys were chasing them, the housemother was screaming, the girls giggling. Everything was a helter-skelter of commotion.

Meanwhile I kept eating. I was too tired, too hungry, and too preoccupied to be bothered by what was going on.

But I changed my mind when I saw a girl dash into the kitchen, open one of the drawers, and throw towels, pots and pans, and other utensils out of the window—a piece at a time. I don't know why it made me so mad, but it really did.

I rushed into the kitchen, grabbed her by the shoulder, and swung her around while I shouted, "Pick all that stuff up again."

Only then did I recognize Heidi. She looked so beautiful, so collegian, so sorry for what she had done. There was even a trace of fear in her expression that made me feel guilty and awkward.

Like a frightened child she rushed outside and picked up every item she had thrown out, neatly placed them on a tray, and looking up at me, timidly asked, "Is it all right now?"

I smiled benevolently. "It'll do."

The moment I turned around to head back to the dining room, she picked up the tray and threw the whole thing at me. Then she ran down the hall.

White with anger I ran after her, swooped her up into my arms, and while

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ROGER SMITH continued

*"I should have had the good sense to recognize what kind of a girl she really was but I didn't. If I had . . ."*

she was struggling every step of the way, carried her to one of the showers. "Don't you dare," she screamed as I locked her in, turned on the cold water, then leaned against the shower door to keep her from getting out until after I had made her apologize and tell me how sorry she was for all she had done.

When I let her out, dripping wet, her face was flushed with anger. But not for long. She quickly changed her attitude and burst into laughter.

Pacified, I asked if I could walk her back to her sorority. "Sure," she smiled.

It was on the way back that I fell in love with her. She looked so helpless, so wet, so lovely. The kind of creature you want to take care of for the rest of your life.

When we got to her door, she offered me her hand and said a sweet, "Goodnight". But when I turned to leave, she gave me a good swift kick!

I should have had the good sense to recognize what kind of girl she was, but I didn't. If I had, I'd have saved myself a lot of sleepless nights.

**BLACK CAT**, "Meow", knocks over the sugar bowl and Roger is real mad. Funny, that never happened when Vicki was around.



**READING** fills in some of the lonely hours while Vicki is away. Starring in ABC-TV's "77 Sunset Strip" takes most of his time.

After what had happened, I had even less nerve to ask her for a date than if we'd never met. It was a very unpredictable Heidi who took the initiative now—

One evening, a fraternity brother stormed into my room. "Guess who just dedicated a song to you?" he cried out.

We had a little radio station in Nogales which made a practice of letting college kids dedicate songs to one another.

"I wouldn't know," I said honestly.

"Heidi!" he exclaimed.

I was flabbergasted. In fact, I didn't believe it until his statement was confirmed by three other fellows.

"Go ahead and ask her for a date," my roommate urged, knowing darn well how I felt about Heidi.

"I wouldn't have a chance," I insisted.

"After she dedicated a song to you? Don't be silly! Ask her."

A few days later we had a beer bust at a nearby park. I decided this was the opportunity to find out how Heidi felt about me. When I called for a date, she said she'd love to go out with me.

When I picked her up, she looked so beautiful, so well-dressed, and acted so sophisticated, that I became frightened. I felt quite inadequate in her company, so much so that I hardly dared open my mouth. I didn't know until later how this impressed her! She thought I was the big, strong, silent type.

If anything, my bashfulness worried her.

"Don't you like me?" she asked after we'd been together for a couple of hours and I hadn't said more than a half a dozen words.

"Of course I do," I assured her.

Later, we were reclining in front of the camp fire. I can still see Heidi, leaning on her elbows, her face cupped in her hands, looking up at me while I was singing to my own guitar accompaniment. Suddenly she put her hand on mine to keep me

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**LOOKING** back on things now, Roger's almost grateful to the gal who broke his heart—but also gave him the ambition to succeed.

photos by Larry Barbier, Jr., Globe



# TUESDAY WELD SAYS: “I’ll lead my own life”

*An unrepentant individualist, 16-year-old Tuesday remains unperturbed by mounting criticism of her precocious habits*

By MARK DAYTON

IT MAY COME AS a shock that Benjamin Disraeli was a philosophical forerunner of Hollywood’s most talked about teenager, Tuesday Weld. But when Disraeli suffered the brickbats of his controversial reign as prime minister of Great Britain he held steadfastly to one creed, “Never explain and never apologize.”

He had nothing on Tuesday Weld when it comes to being an unrepentant individualist. Despite all the hand-wringing and breast-beating over her allegedly unseemly antics, the most colorful and irrepressible 16-year-old girl to enliven the Hollywood scene in many years remains as sublimely free of guilt feelings as the day she was born.

One evening at the height of public scolding for her precocious habits—her dating of semi-octogenarians like John Ireland, her late evenings out, her asserted beatnik tendencies, her brash unconcern for the forgiveness of shocked elders—I dropped in on Tuesday in her dressing room at a Hollywood television studio.

“What about all these things I’ve been reading in the papers, Tuesday?” I baited her.

“They’re all true!” she laughed with a toss of her golden hair, and went on applying her lipstick.

From her tone it was difficult to tell whether all or any of the stories were based on fact. All that was clear was that Tuesday was blithely unperturbed—not the

slightest bit distraught over her mounting notoriety or about what the articles in question might make people think about her.

A few days later, Tuesday and I had dinner in a quiet, softly lighted booth of Edna Earle’s Fog Cutters, a popular Hollywood steak house, and we discussed her runaway publicity more fully. Her attitude had not changed. She still was not interested in proving that there was nothing to atone for in the first place.

“If I spent all my time trying to make people retract what they said, I wouldn’t even have time to sleep,” she dismissed the whole matter with regal disdain. “I figure I’ll prove it to myself without a press agent, without anyone I’m paying to bang people over the head. I figure it should be proved by *me* because actions speak louder than words—or money.

What it boiled down to, as the evening progressed, was that in spite of all they were saying about her, in spite of all the backbiting and gossip, all the jealousy and resentment, Tuesday still had a firm hold on her own good opinion of herself. That was all that mattered. She seemed to have a sublime faith that as long as her own self-respect was intact, the respect of others could not long be withheld.

She declined to present herself as a young lady without fault, and she declined to prostrate herself in

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TUESDAY offers no apologies for her behavior, ► still retains her own good opinion of herself.







TUESDAY WELD continued





*"The only person I might be hurting is myself, and that's my own decision," says Tuesday*

postures of guilt. She asked no apologies on the one hand, and offered none on the other hand. Nor did she feel a pressing need to launch a be-kind-to-Tuesday movement.

"Even if what I do doesn't seem to make much sense," Tuesday shrugged as the waitress arrived with the salad, "I'm not hurting anyone when I'm doing whatever it is they say I'm doing. The only person I might be hurting is myself, and that's my own decision. If I can't hurt myself, who can?"

The ease with which she talked about it seemed to back her claim that she wasn't bothered by the publicity which had made her the talk of Hollywood and doubtless a conversation piece across the rest of the land. She treated the situation with a genuine unconcern remarkable for a girl so young.

In fact, she even laughed at the determined whispering campaign to the effect that she's no more 16 than Jack Benny is 39, that in reality she is 19 or 20 if she's a day. Far from being outraged by slanderous suggestions that she might be a teenage impersonator, Tuesday delighted in the flattering implications of this spite. She clearly enjoyed the fact that so many of her peers considered her so adult that they couldn't believe her age. She was at that stage of life where it was exciting to be thought older than she was, and she was in no haste to dispel this myth.

She would only say with a sly wink, "I am so not 19!"

California school authorities, however, are privy to her birth certificate, and they are sufficiently convinced of her tender years to see to it that she is treated like any other juvenile in the state when she is working. Tuesday always has a tutor on the set, even as Natalie Wood and Sandra Dee had until their 17th birthdays. However, if Tuesday's detractors preferred to



**COVERED** wagon at Malibu Beach entertains Tuesday and friend Martin Braddock. Her latest movie is "Because They're Young".

ignore this documentation of her age, she was of no mind to spoil their fun.

"I'm beginning to think I'm much older than I am," she laughed. "I turned my ankle while dancing last week, and you know what the doctor said to me? He took an X-ray of my feet and said that my bones were not 16. He said my bones were the bones of a 19-year-old girl. So there you are, see? My feet are 19 and my body is 16."

**Y**ET TUESDAY'S rise has been so swift and controversial that inconsistencies do not seem to discourage her mushrooming taskmasters. The same people who express skepticism about her being a bona fide 16-year-old girl are the first to deplore her social life by accusing her of a predilection for dating men much too old for a girl of 16. But even this failed to make her squirm about her much discussed friendship with 44-year-old John Ireland. She felt that it needed no justification, on the basis that having done nothing wrong in the first place, there was nothing to explain in the second place.

"It's my life," was Tuesday's biting reminder to those shedding crocodile tears about her supposed peril in the company of a man Ireland's age. "I was born with it, and I'm going to lead it. In simpler terms, you have only one life, so live it."

While her words breathed defiance, her attitude was more of amused indifference.

"Beat The Press!" she quipped good-humoredly. "That's the new TV show I'm going to do."

Those who know Tuesday are aware that she is not remotely a beatnik. Despite this and despite the fact that at the Fog Cutters she wore a lovely, ladylike cocktail dress, sheer stockings and smart patent leather shoes, she showed no urge

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**ON THE BEACH** Tuesday tries her luck tossing flying saucer. She doesn't deny showing temperament when people irritate her.



JAMES DARREN AND EVY NORLUND

# To love, honor and obey

*Such was the vow exchanged by  
Evy Norlund and James Darren as  
they tied the knot February 6 at  
St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York*



photos by Alfred Wertheimer, Topix



**NERVOUS** groom, wringing his hands, arrives at Our Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral and smiles bravely for the camera

**LOVELY** bride, Evy Norlund, a former Miss Denmark, arrives at church escorted by her future father-in-law, William Ercolan





**AFTER** the ceremony, Jimmy is a little dazed by it all, but Evy smiles happily. They exchanged matching gold wedding bands.

**A KISS** on the cheek and off they go for European honeymoon. They'll visit Evy's parents in Denmark, then go to Greece. **END**





TONY CURTIS



**FOURSOME** in the Curtis swimming pool consists of Tony, Jamie, 1, Janet, and Kelly, 3, who's making like she's Esther Williams.



*When the kids were born, Tony's biggest treat  
was to change them, burp them, hold  
them and give them a bath. That's*

# PAPA TONY

By Janet Leigh

I DOUBT THAT in all the history of fatherdom any proud daddy has taken more pictures of his children—and in more farflung corners of the world and from more odd positions—than my husband has. To watch Tony follow our daughters, three-year-old Kelly Lee and one-year-old Jamie, with cameras dangling from all sides of him, he looks like a fugitive from a Rube Goldberg cartoon.

There isn't a mood or a phase in their development that Tony hasn't captured on film—the first step, the first tooth, the first haircut, the first diaper change, the first spoonful of food, the first dress. He's taken jillions of pictures of them. No matter where Tony is making a movie, the walls of his dressing room are fairly papered with snapshots of the babies. We have literally hundreds of albums downstairs in our house.

Yet Tony is not one of those fathers who badgers his friends, whips out his wallet, and insists that they exclaim over the latest snapshots of his offspring.

Not that he wouldn't. It's simply that he never carries a wallet, so he has no way of keeping pictures of Kelly and Jamie on his person.

However, that doesn't mean Tony's friends are safe from his paternal pride. He buttonholes them with something even better than pictures. He stops them on the street, beards them in their offices, grabs them on the set, and sometimes even calls them long distance to announce with tears of laughter:

"Wait till you hear what Kelly did this time!"

Everything she says gets reported to everybody. Anything she does everybody knows. Tony goes so wild over some of her exploits that he tells them again and again. One that still breaks him up every time he relates it concerns the time he was lying on the couch in the den, watching television, and Kelly romped into the room.

Tony had had a hard day at the studio, and he was tired. As far as he was concerned, little Kelly couldn't have picked a more touching moment to come over to him, as she did, run her hand soothingly over his face, and say, "Close your eyes, Daddy, and rest."

He was all choked up. He thought it such a tender gesture for a three-year-old child, so giving. Of course, being putty in Kelly's hands at any time, Tony did as she bade.

It was only because he was so overcome with affection that he cheated a little and peeked out of the corner of one eye. If he hadn't he would have missed out on one of the thrills of his life. You see, although on occasion it takes great effort, Tony tries conscientiously to cooperate with me in enforcing various house rules with the children. Kelly can twist him around her little finger, and Tony loves being twisted. But he's also adult enough to realize that certain prohibitions, painful as he may find them to impose, are for Kelly's benefit.

This is all by way of saying that Kelly knows she is not to have any candy or nuts unless she gets permission. Consent usually is forthcoming unless she hasn't had her

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dinner. On this occasion, Kelly's craving came before dinner, and she knew that if she asked Daddy, he'd make her wait.

So she looked at Tony again to make sure that his eyes were shut, and she tiptoed to the table where there was a jar of nuts. She quickly popped one in her mouth and swallowed it. Then, an expression of exquisite triumph on her face, she went back to the couch and shook Tony's shoulder.

"Now you can wake up, Daddy," she said. "Did you have a nice rest?"

Tony constantly regales people with his adventures in fatherhood. He not only enjoys being with his children. His greatest pleasure is to talk about them—not in terms of how precocious they are, but in terms of what a joy they are to him, in terms of the never-ending wonder of childhood as seen through the eyes of a warm and loving daddy.

He whoops with delight every time Kelly tosses off another *bon mot*. She came home from the dentist's office the other morning, for example, and reported proudly that by official count she now had 20 teeth.

"Twenty teeth!" Tony cried. "What are you going to do with all those teeth?"

"You're going to eat with them, aren't you dear?" I said.

"Yes, Mommy," she smiled. "I'm going to eat with them."

A second later she was shaking her little head vigorously.

"Oh no, Mommy," she corrected herself. "I'm not going to eat with them. I chew with my teeth. I eat with a fork."

The same morning Kelly asked my mother if she would read to her. Mother was happy to oblige. A few minutes later I called out to ask Kelly how she was getting along.

"Oh, just fine, Mommy," she chirped brightly. "I'm helping grandma read."

And don't you know that Tony spent the rest of the day, practically, on the telephone circulating those stories all over Hollywood?

He is so sentimental about the children. Every time they blink an eye, almost, he feels it ought to be preserved as a great moment in history. Kelly's baby book is full of cherished heirlooms collected by Tony, and now, with undiminished enthusiasm, he's doing the same with Jamie.

When Kelly was six months old, she made her first scribble other than a straight line. Tony has kept that drawing as if it were a Van Gogh. He put her first lock of hair in an envelope and kept it in his dresser drawer for years before he transferred it to the baby book. While we were in Europe, Orlando Martins, the wonderful Negro actor who was in my picture, "Safari", gave Kelly a large copper coin—the first





## his friends with stories about their exploits

she'd ever received. Tony has that, too, in safekeeping for posterity within the covers of her baby book.

Tony gets so carried away. He often makes his own entries in the white leather-bound documentary and pictorial record of Kelly's development. With a sense of history that only a doting father could be capable of, he made the following inscription:

"Saturday, August 11, 1956, exactly at 5:43 and 40 seconds, Kelly smiled at me and Janet and Jerry and Helen and Manny and Bobby."

Jerry is our friend, Jerry Gershon. Helen and Manny are Tony's parents, and Bobby is his younger brother.

Tony is such a partisan father that he doesn't even hesitate to tamper with official records. On a certificate of identification marks, there was a blank space next to the designation, "Shape of Head". Tony wrote, "Beautiful!" Also in the book is Kelly's first Medical Examination Certificate. Where it called for a description of her condition, the doctor had written, "Good". Tony crossed that out and substituted a word he thought more appropriate, "Excellent".

Kelly just had an operation for the removal of a double hernia. Believe you me, it was a lot harder on poor Tony than it was on Kelly. He was a wreck. Jamie had had the



**JANET** will never have to worry about Tony not wanting to spend time with the children. There isn't anything he really likes more.



**KELLY** can twist Tony around her little finger, and Tony loves being twisted. Papa's next movie will be the epic, "Spartacus".

same operation, so Tony had been through it all before. But if you think that made it any easier for him, you just don't know Tony.

Besides, Jamie was not a real person to him yet. She was only 13 days old, and it takes a Daddy a little time to grasp the fact that such a brand new baby actually is a person. It's not like a mother who carries the baby and feels the baby inside. And Kelly is so much a part of Tony's life. They adore each other. Tony just dissolves when Kelly says, "I love you, Daddy."

He couldn't bear the thought of this happening to her. He would leave the room whenever the doctor was examining her. He would go for a walk. He would get a magazine and not read it. He would sit for a minute, and then pace.

**K**ELLY was in the hospital two nights. I slept in the same room with her the first night, and Tony spent the night in the doctors' quarters upstairs. You'll notice I didn't say he slept there. He couldn't sleep. Every ten minutes or so he would get up, and come down to our room to make sure that everything was all right.

On the second day he went home only long enough to change clothes and to play with Jamie before her bedtime. He spent the night at Harold Mirisch's house. He just couldn't come home with me not there, and Kelly not there.

When Kelly went in for her operation, Tony tried to talk, but he just couldn't. Pretty soon it was over, and she was all right. Tony acted like the one who had been under an anaesthetic. The shock of relief was so great that he couldn't move. He was just numb. A couple of good night's sleep, though, and he started to be his old self again—

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RICKY NELSON

# Ricky takes ten

*Ten minutes to relax, that is, between acting chores on the busy set of TV's "Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet"*

photos by Gene Trindl, Topix



**HIS CAR**, a jazzy foreign model with its own private parking space, gets a quick inspection from owner Rick.

**HIS SMILE** is for the Hawaiian vacation that lay ahead of him after he'd finished work in "Ozzie And Harriet".



**HIS GUITAR** is always with Ricky just in case he is in the mood for a song. His new recording is "Ricky Sings Spirituals". **END**



*Spurned as a writer and divorced by his wife, Aaron Spelling was a bitter young man*



**CAROLYN** makes him feel like the most masculine man in the world, says her hubby, Aaron Spelling.

By BILL TUSHER

CIRCUMSTANCES had conspired to give young and talented Aaron Spelling too good an opinion of himself and too poor an opinion about women. His outlook, B.C. (before Carolyn), is best described in his own unsparing words.

"When I was at Southern Methodist University in Dallas," he grins, "I won a cup once for being the most selfish member of the student body. It was the MCBOC trophy—awarded to the Most Charming Bounder on Campus. Only it wasn't pronounced bounder. People used to say to me, 'You're the most selfish, self-indulgent so-and-so I've ever known. I don't know why we like you.'"

Part of that irresistible charm rubbed off on one of the SMU co-eds, and Aaron married her. With practice, she not only found out why she liked Aaron, she also discovered reasons—still vague to him—for disliking him and leaving him.

"She was a very wealthy girl," Spelling says in extenuation of that abortive experiment in nuptial bliss. "I thought it would be very smart to marry her, since that seemed to be the easiest and fastest way to become familiar with the problems of social nobility."

Intent upon making his mark in Hollywood, Aaron took his bride to lotus land by the sea. Having been a shining campus playwright—not to mention SMU's irrepressible gridiron cheerleader—he expected Hollywood to fall dead at his feet. Something less than that happened. He failed acquaintance with the problems of social nobility, but his wife, unhappily, became acquainted with the problems of destitution. Aaron's vaunted charm, six months after they said their vows, lacked sufficient glue power to keep their marriage from coming unstuck.

"I went to an interview for a job selling tickets for American Airlines, and when I got home she was gone. Her father had sent her a plane ticket to take her back to Texas. That killed what little sense of security I had. I was stuck here, lonely and broke. I was terribly hurt."

His wife's sudden exodus, sanctified soon thereafter by divorce, somehow left Aaron with a jaundiced view of the opposite sex.

"It was an awakening period," he recalls archly. "I found that girls can be vain, stupid, narrow-minded and bigoted. I learned that I'd been a shnook and decided to attack life."

His method of attack was oblique. He loved to meet women who gave him the slightest excuse to hate their innards.

"I had a tremendous chip on my shoulder," he candidly admits. "I wasn't in a very receptive mood to the considerateness of other people, women in particular."

Then along came Jones. Carolyn Jones.

This was a pre-titian Jones. She was an undulating blonde at the time, with clinging dresses and cloying eyes, trying to set off sexpot reactions in Hollywood. She, too, was fresh out of Texas. No one in the film world had heard of her, and Spelling was willing to do his bit to perpetuate her obscurity.

Through a comedy of errors related at other times, she ended up

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when boom— **Along came Jones!**





**CAROLYN JONES** continued



**SESSION** with the bongo drums entertains Carolyn, who stars in Warner film "Ice Palace" with Richard Burton, Martha Hyer.

**CURIO** in Hollywood gift shop catches Carolyn's eye. "I wouldn't pick a tie without asking Carolyn," husband Aaron Spelling avers.

acting in a little theater presentation Aaron was directing, drawing upon his unabated acting enthusiasm in college. The thing he liked about Jones was that there wasn't a thing about her he liked. He also appreciated the fact that his hostility was cordially returned.

"I didn't like her at all," he affirms wryly, "and she hated me. I thought she was a pretty smart-alecky kid."

Aaron came by this impression when his leading lady eloped two days before the show was scheduled to open. Carolyn volunteered to fill the breach. He handed her a script to read. She tossed it aside disdainfully, and proceeded to go through the whole part from memory. Spelling was more irritated with her than impressed.

"Why didn't you tell me you had done the play before?" he snapped.

"I didn't do it before," she replied dryly.

"Then when did you learn the script?"

"Last night," she drawled, "when I decided I should do it." She got the part, but made no conquest.

"I used to detest this girl!" Spelling exclaims. "Oh, how we used to fight! I'd tell her to do a scene a certain way and she'd say, 'If you want it done that way I'll do it, but I don't think it's right.' I could have strangled her."

Carolyn fed his bitterness before she quelled it.

One night after the play opened, they helped make up a foursome—Carolyn and an actor in the cast, and Aaron with another actress—at a coffee shop near the theater. The three performers fell to discussing the possibilities of being discovered by a producer or a director, and daydreamed of TV and motion picture breaks that might come out of the show.





*"There may be some things wrong with her," says Aaron, "but not as far as I'm concerned"*



**A SAILOR** is tried on by Carolyn who can afford lots of hats since her husband has become one of Hollywood's foremost scriptwriters.

"Then out of a clear blue sky," Aaron still enshrines the moment, "Carolyn looked at me and blurted out, 'Jeepers, what could *you* get out of it?' We'd been fighting tooth and nail, and then that! I realized that her concern was not because it was *me*. It just didn't seem fair to Carolyn."

That unexpected shaft of integrity—if not tenderness—about took all the fight out of Aaron. From that point on, Jones wasn't just moseying into his life. She was galloping.

**B**EFORE THE night was over the sworn enemies gave up swearing for endearments. Carolyn's date and Aaron's date had early calls, so she dropped them off first. As she started to take Spelling home in her car, he asked if she would mind stopping by at the drugstore at Sunset and Vine so he could get some pipe tobacco.

"We started going home," he picks it up from there, "and got to talking. We drove and drove, and finally we were at the beach. It was the first time I saw it because I'd never had a car that would drive that far. We took off our shoes, and sat on the sand, and just talked. Before we knew it, it was

6:30 in the morning! We talked about everything—dreams, families, our innermost thoughts. I'd never talked to anyone like that."

Outside his place, Aaron got out of Carolyn's car and said, "You know something? I think I'm going to marry you."

"You want to know something?" Carolyn said very seriously. "I think you will."

And so—without a cent to their collective name or a nickel's worth of future—they were married. They parlayed their love and their talent from a tiny bachelor honeymoon flat to their present brand new \$133,000 mansion in Royal Oaks, which Aaron proudly quotes Carolyn describing as "Grecian modern furnished in early American money, with wall-to-wall scripts." But what has happened to Aaron Spelling since Jones came along cannot be measured in mere real estate.

At SMU Aaron was the only American college student outside of Eugene O'Neill ever to win the Harvard One-Act Play Award for two years running. However, after the Dallas Morning News refused him a job as a college reviewer and Hollywood exhibited a disturbing determination to struggle along

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# Hot weather guy

*All good things come to  
him when it is hot and sunny is the belief  
of rising new star, Troy Donahue*

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

**T**ROY DONAHUE'S FAVORITE season is summer, a real hot one, because, he says, "you always think something exciting is going to happen. And a lot of times it actually does. You sort of get to expecting things . . ."

Well, a good many exciting things have happened to Troy recently, summer or no, and he is the lad to appreciate and enjoy them.

Blond and blue-eyed, Troy looks younger than he really is, although he is still pretty young—23. But don't let that mild expression fool you, or his soft voice, either. Take note of that stubborn chin.

"I *am* stubborn, you know," he says, frankly. "I want my own way and I am likely to fight until I get it. I usually get it."

In a short year he has reached some sort of pinnacle of Hollywood success. Producers are vying for him, pretty girls are ogling him, prominent hostesses are pursuing him for their parties. All this is heady stuff, coming so swiftly, and Troy is the first to admit it.

He says, quite simply, "I love it." As who wouldn't?

Troy was born January 27, 1937, in New York City. Not a hot summer day, at all, but a cold blustery one. His father was Merle Johnson, of the motion picture division of General Motors Corp. His mother, Edith Johnson, a stage actress, had retired after her marriage. Troy's father died when Troy was 14, leaving a void in his life and many scars on his soul. Then bad luck began to dog him.

He attended Bayport High School on Long Island for two years and then the New York Military Academy, hoping for an appointment to West Point. But a severe knee injury suffered during a track meet disqualified him for that. However, he went on later to win letters in football, track and basketball. The stubbornness was already beginning to show. Then Columbia University, some classes in journalism, and studying acting with Ezra Stone. After that, a variety of jobs, the usual things, messenger, waiter, counselor at a camp and as a singer with a Long Island dance band.

But the bad luck hadn't left him, or maybe the weather was too cool. He came to Hollywood at the behest of Darrell Brady, an old friend of his father's and he was almost "discovered", a la Lana Turner, when Producer William Asher and Director James Sheldon saw him in a diner and invited him for a test. What a break! But . . . that evening he was in an automobile accident and when the time came for his test, his head was shaved to a most humiliating baldness. He couldn't do it.

But while he was convalescing a hot day came along and so did an actress friend, Fran Bennett, who introduced him to her agent, Henry Willson. That . . . and the hot weather, we guess . . . did it.

Anyhow, his name was changed forthwith from Merle Johnson, Jr. to Troy Donahue and the next thing he knew he was co-starring with pretty Sandra Dee as the young romantic lead in "A Summer

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◀ **A COLD** weather snap in California causes Troy to bundle up against hated Jack Frost.



*"I get tired of girls in jeans and slacks and T-shirts and sweaters. It's nice to see a girl in a dress now and then": Troy*

Place", followed immediately by "The Crowded Sky" with Dana Andrews, Rhonda Fleming and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.

He wasn't exactly surprised, you know. He had always been fairly sure of himself . . . that chin and all. But he was a touch surprised that it had all happened so swiftly. "After all," he says, "we *had* had some fairly cool days!"

Now he has settled down, if you can call it that, into a little house in the hills above Hollywood.

"I'll get out of this as soon as I can. After all, it was the cheapest thing I could find which would suit my needs at all. It isn't what I *want*."

What he has, whether he wants it or not, is a gay, comfortable little place with one bedroom, bath and a living room with a view of sorts. It has French Provincial furniture (his mother helped select it). He has given it color with rich tones of maroon, red and white and overtones of deep blue.

"It's cheerful enough," he frets. "But I want a bigger place, with a big fireplace and great vistas of views."

Still, it has its compensations. His mother and teenaged sister, Eve, live near him and that is comforting.

"I have a little cubby-hole, a sort of closet, which I use for mail and writing. I shall always have a small room for writing. Somehow I seem closer to my thoughts."

Troy takes his writing very seriously and has ambitions in this direction.

"I am a fanatic fan of sunlight," he says, "and want to be out in it a lot. I guess that is because my father was in a

hospital so long and it always seemed gloomy in there to me. But I want the inside of my house to be cool and shady . . . for contrast and rest, I guess.

"I like to plant things, too, but only corn and roses. The corn gives me a wholesome feeling, that I am growing food. And the roses . . . well, you know how roses are, especially in California. They are just as important as food and they're pretty exciting."

So . . . this isn't what he "wants". What he does want is a spacious dwelling with the aforementioned fireplace and views, with room to "spread out" and entertain lavishly and generously, indoors and outdoors. And room for more planting.

**H**OWEVER, he doesn't do badly in the place that he "can afford." He gives parties. Lots of parties. Not the big, lavish, formal affairs that he plans for later on. But nice, nevertheless. Six or eight people come and Troy cooks for them . . . steaks, spaghetti, chops. Sometimes, if he is feeling ambitious, he does shish-kabobs and then everyone applauds like crazy.

He is a deft man with a salad, too, the tossed green kind with a raw egg and some ripe blue cheese and shreds of ham or chicken. Desserts he either buys ready-made or leaves to the girls. "They can do those whipped cream and gelatin things," he says firmly, "if they simply must have them." You gather that such fluff means less than nothing to Troy.

Afterward, they play games or listen to music or perhaps read plays, each taking a role. Those are Troy's favorite times.

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**RAILBIRDS** Troy and Sandra Edwards, a young actress who meets his prescription for femininity, perch cosily in his hillside nest.







VIEW from his balcony is a favorite with Troy who scored in "A Summer Place", appears next in Warner Bros. "The Crowded Sky".









*An empty hotel room can be a terribly*

*lonely place for a girl singer on the road,*

*but before very long Connie is*

# Chasing the blues away

By HELEN BOLSTAD

SONGSTRESS CONNIE FRANCIS is, without doubt, one of the most popular girls in America today. Just turned 21, she's a petite, dark-eyed beauty whose vivacity and charm would make her the belle of any social setting even if she never sang a note.

But Connie does sing. On records, radio, television. Ballads and rock 'n' roll; old songs, pop favorites and tunes written just for her. She's the new darling of the night club set and the continuing femme favorite of the teenagers. Schools play her recording of "God Bless America" in assemblies, and kindergarteners dance to her new album of children's games. She's the girl that boys would most like to date and the star to whom other girls write asking advice on personal problems. She receives hundreds of letters a week which begin, "Connie, you'll understand . . ."

Can such a girl ever get lonely? Can she sit right down in the middle of a room and feel that an ocean of nothingness separates her from those she loves? Dashing through a daily schedule where every minute is booked, can she feel that she is all alone in a crowd and that no one cares?

"It's impossible," is the obvious answer. But ask Connie and she gives you a level gaze from those eloquent brown eyes and says, "Are you kidding?" And then, "Just look at the collection of stuffed animals that I have . . ."

That bright-colored cloth menagerie crowds Connie's own room in her new house in New Jersey. "I started that collection on a day when I felt so lonely I could die."

She was just 16½ years old, she explains. She had been graduated from Belleville, New Jersey, High School that June, and during graduation week had won both her first MGM recording contract and a scholarship to New York University. During the middle of the Fall term, her recording, "Freddie", gained popularity around New York and the company sent her out on a weekend promotional tour which stretched to three full weeks.

"It was my first time on a train, my first time away from my family. I was excited, of course, but underneath, I started getting homesick as soon as I kissed my folks goodbye."

Her companion on the road was Janie Gibbs. Janie had formerly lived in Chicago and when they reached there, it was old home week. "She knew everyone, so we made our rounds quickly and had an afternoon free of appointments," Connie explains.

Janie chose to spend it with Fran Allison. Connie declined the invitation to go along. "I was a fan of 'Kukla, Fran and Ollie' and I thought Fran's Aunt Fannie on 'The Breakfast Club' was terrific, but I knew she and Janie would have lots to talk about and I didn't want to get in the way."

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◀ **LONELY** 21st birthday faced Connie in her hotel room in Philadelphia but that all changed later.







*"Back home, girls I know are out on dates with boys. They're having fun. Me, I'm all alone"*

For the first time in her life, young Connie was all alone in a hotel room. Soon, she was treading that solitary path which is heartbreakingly familiar to every girl who has gone away to school or has moved to a distant place to find her first job. "I read for a while. I looked out the window. I wrote a letter to my folks. Then I looked out the window some more."

Restless, solitary, she realized she had better find something to do. "I knew how to get to Marshall Field's. I spent hours prowling through every inch of that beautiful store looking at things I couldn't buy."

Wherever she wandered, she kept returning to a certain display which featured a big, silken white Persian cat. "It looked so real I wanted to reach out and pet it. I wondered how much it cost. I was sure it must be at least a hundred dollars. About my third time around, I got up my nerve to ask. And what do you think the girl told me?" The suspense of that moment again came into Connie's voice. "\$4.95!"

**C**LUTCHING the cat, Connie hurried back to the hotel. "I had already named it 'Precious'. I held that toy cat in my arms and talked to it while I watched television. I remember I said, 'It's doggone lonesome on the road, Precious. But soon we'll be going home and you'll sit right in the middle of my bed and be waiting for me each time I go away.'"

Connie has since made such shopping expeditions a habit. "As soon as I get into a new town and have a few minutes free, I go to the biggest store and buy the prettiest stuffed animal I can find. I know it is going to be part of my home,

a sort of symbol of all the things I love, and then I'm not lonely any more."

Having the sound of home with her when she is distant is another of Connie's ways of bridging the miles. "I carry a tiny radio with me everywhere I go. Now, on long trips, I also take a light-weight phonograph and a few favorite records. Pop music, to me, means family. I hear a song we like and I think of all the times my mother and father and brother and I have sung it together. With our music in the background, I can answer my fan mail and get on with my other little jobs and be quite content, wherever I am."

Those are ways of keeping old ties close, but what does she do when she meets new people in new places? Many of the letters girls write to Connie carry the question, "How can I make new friends?"

Here Connie holds firm opinions. "First, you have to recognize the difference between acquaintances and friends. I was lucky enough to find out early, and to me, it was the best lesson that I learned in high school."

Connie had joined a sorority, and having no sister of her own, was, she admits, a bit starry-eyed over the promised organization kinship. Then, one day, some gossiping girls dissected an absent member.

Connie stood up in the meeting and resigned. "If you say such things about her, what will you say about me when I'm not here? I don't dig this. You're not my sisters."

Connie observes, "I learned that I want many acquaintances, but that I'm able to count on just a few close friends. I don't

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**CHOICE** of which dress to wear for her night club engagement is mulled over by Connie who's aided by her secretary, Joyce Becker.

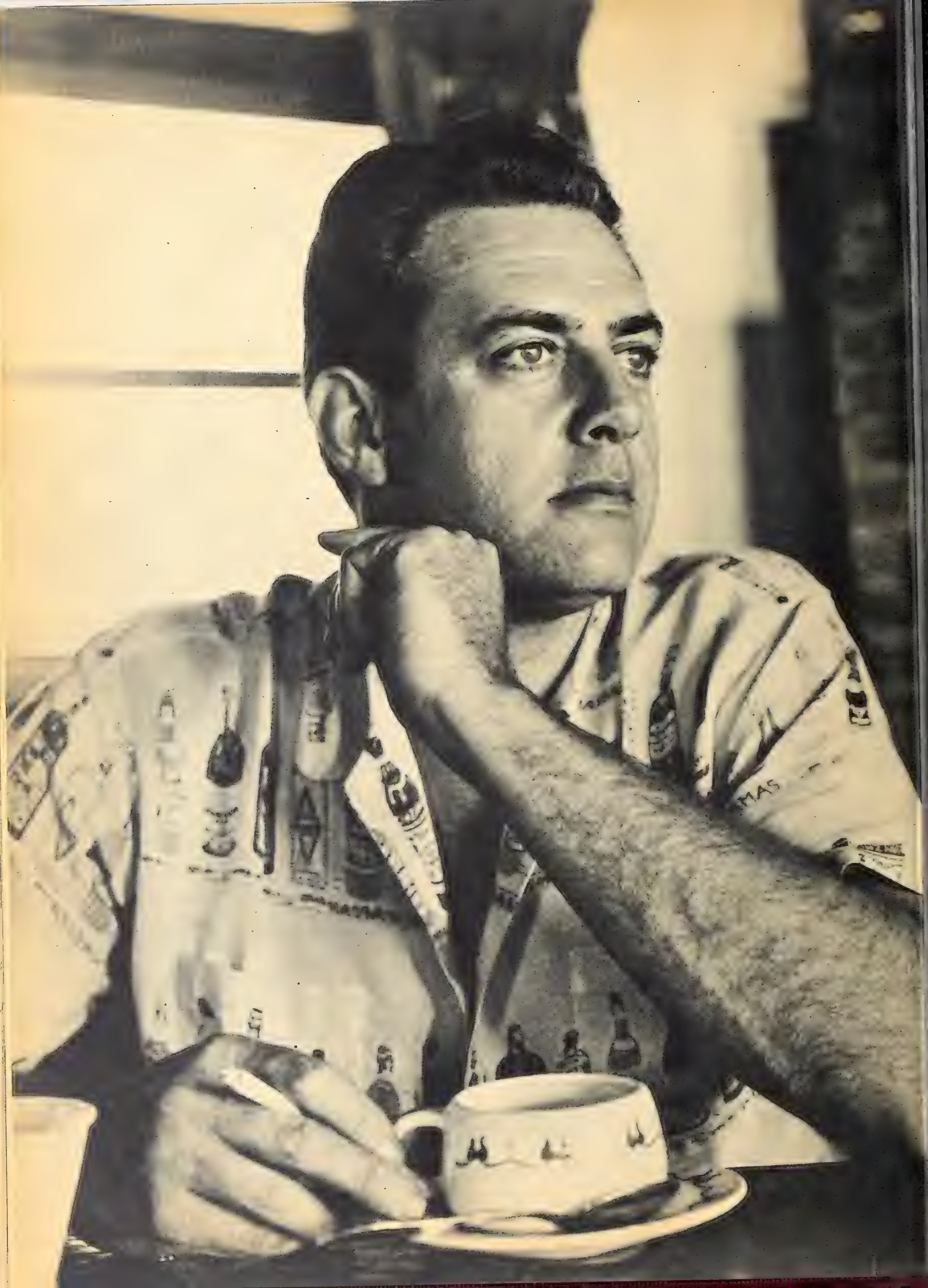


**RADIO** on end table accompanies Connie wherever she goes on the road. Popular music reminds her of home and family singing.

◀ **TELEPHONING** her friends is one of the best ways Connie knows of alleviating loneliness. Buying pretty stuffed animals is another.









# The Amazing Mr. Burr

*A man with tremendous drive,  
Ray does practically everything within 24 hours but  
sleep; not even he knows how he does it*

By JACK HOLLAND

RAYMOND BURR FINISHED a scene from a "Perry Mason" episode, walked into his dressing room, changed into a loose fitting sport shirt and donned a pair of jeans. He then sat down to tackle the voluminous heap of mail lying on the floor in his studio dressing room-apartment.

Many stars turn their fan mail over to their secretaries or to a service without even bothering to read it, but not Ray. He receives about 3500 letters a week—and he answers personally all of those that require replies. As a rule, he answers about 600 a week, which is a mammoth undertaking considering his heavy TV schedule for his CBS-TV show.

When Ray was asked what were some of his most interesting letters, he said in his friendly, vital way, "There are many, but this is my prize one."

He handed over a typewritten letter and as I started to read it, I thought he was kidding. It was a vitriolic little epic.

"What's more," Ray said bluntly, "I want you to print this one. It's my favorite."

So, just to prove that Ray is an honest kind of guy who can take it, here is the letter:

*"Dear Mr. Burr:*

*"I am taking my lunch hour to write and tell you what a big, fat phony I think you are. The reason being—I saw you at the end of the big parade which was held here in San Francisco a month or so ago. When those young boys ran over to get your autograph, you very rudely brushed them off and dashed off to join the politicians on the balcony. Are you running for something, Mr. Burr? If all those cowboy stars can spare the time to sign autographs, then you can too. After all, those stars are a lot more popular with the kids than you are; and you should be flattered that they even asked you. Who do you think you are?"*

*"I read an article about you in a movie magazine several months ago and such 'slush!' A great big man like you pictured with a cat—a boxer dog, yes—but a cat, ugh!"*

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**HOTHOUSE** flowers bloom under Ray's careful handling. This is one of the few chances he has to relax from his television chores.

**DUCK** gets critical examination from Ray. Besides his emoting, Ray constantly appears at benefits, addresses legal organizations.

*"For a long time I have wanted to write you a fan letter, but this isn't what I had in mind. I wanted to tell you what an excellent actor I think you are. In the picture, 'Rear Window', I didn't even recognize you until you spoke. And I couldn't bear you in the picture where you kidnapped Natalie Wood; and in other pictures you were the best. You make a very convincing 'heavy' and a delightful wolf. I always made a special effort to see every picture you were in and have always felt that you didn't get big enough roles. Now that you're on top, you feel you can afford to thumb your nose at the audience.*

*"I know it is pointless to spend my time writing to a movie star, but I just had to get it off my chest—if just to your secretary."*

The letter bore the signature of an irate lady fan.

"I don't plan on answering that letter for obvious reasons," Ray said, "but I *would* like to give that lady about 1,000 cats. As for my posing with one, this was the photographer's idea. I like animals although I'm not crazy about felines, but someone gave me a Siamese kitten and did you ever hear of anybody throwing a kitten outside in the cold? At my home in Malibu, I have quite a menagerie, though—six dogs (five Silkies and a St. Bernard), a burro, pigeons, doves, turtles, and other assorted wild life.

"As for the autograph bit, I had gone to San Francisco especially to appear in the parade which was part of the festivities for the first Fiesta held in that city. Beside my car, which was in the front section of the parade, were two Boy

photos by Curt Gunther, Topix





*when he tends his menagerie of six dogs, a burro, doves, turtles and other assorted wild life*

Scouts holding up a banner identifying me and the show, but the wind was so terrific that it kept knocking the banner and the boys down, so I stopped the car, rolled up the sign and put it and the boys in the car with me. I wasn't going to have those kids knocked around. As a result, during most of the parade, nobody knew who I was until the car came close enough for them to get a look at my face.

"When we got to the steps where civic dignitaries were gathered, there were about 5,000 people lined up and I had those two Boy Scouts with me. I wasn't going to stop and get them crushed in the mob. Also, if I had taken time to sign even one autograph, I'd have had to sign about 5,000 since I don't believe in just giving out one or two. This would also have stopped the rest of the parade and I didn't feel I had any right to do that. Such is the story—take it or leave it. Believe me, I'm not anti-autographs, under the right conditions."

Ray was reading more letters and a few he turned over to me. Some were rather ecstatic in the romantic department—blushingly so—and others offered illuminating opinions of his work on the show. A good part of his mail comes from people who refuse to believe he is merely an actor playing a lawyer because they ask him to handle cases for them. Others want to apply for the job as his secretary. There are, of course, some proposals of marriage. He handles each letter in the way he believes it deserves.

There is a story that proves how Ray regards his fans—although it is one that was never publicized. A short time ago, he got a letter informing him that a little girl of about eight who was a fan of his was seriously burned over two-thirds of her body. She was in a hospital in Worcester, Mass., and it

wasn't certain whether or not she would survive the tragedy.

Ray was heading for New York the weekend after he got the letter and he decided to go to Worcester to see the child. Even though it was stormy and bad flying conditions prevailed in the East, and he had to be back in Hollywood Monday morning, he made the trip and spent quite a long time with the grateful girl, cheering her up. At last reports, she was recovering, and undoubtedly Ray's visit had much to do with that recovery.

Ray is unique in the Hollywoodlands in that he spends as much time as he does tending to such things as mail. Not only has he the most rugged schedule of any star on TV but he is also constantly making appearances at benefits and making speeches before legal organizations. In fact, he is now booked for talks through 1960. He works on the set until around seven or later, tends to his business matters, and gets to sleep when he can. He is up each morning about three to go over his lines for the day's shooting with his dialogue director. He has no other time to learn his script.

He lives at the studio and goes to his Malibu home only on weekends. He usually arrives there about 3:45 on Saturday afternoons and he's on his way back to the studio at three a.m. Monday morning.

Such a schedule has, of course, had its effect on his health. The first couple of years he starred as "Perry Mason", he had serious trouble with his voice. And not too long ago he was in the hospital suffering from exhaustion. He still is not entirely well, but he won't slow down. And he won't turn down any reasonable offer for his services.

Last Thanksgiving, for instance, he agreed to do a full-

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**HANDY** with a skillet, Ray whips up a fast dinner for himself. Occasional irate letters from cranks bother him not in the least.



**SIAMESE** cat was a gift and, while Ray isn't partial to felines, "did you ever hear of anyone throwing a kitten out in the cold?"



DWAYNE HICKMAN AND MOLLY BEE

# Two for the show

*Dwayne and Molly cut a few capers on the set of "Dobie Gillis" during the lunch break and have a high old time*

**SLY LOOK** comes into Dwayne's eyes as he and Molly Bee huddle behind sheet music. Now what can he be thinking?







**LIP SLIP** is prevented by Molly as Dwayne launches into imitation of Maurice Chevalier, famed for straw hat and protruding lower lip.

**SIGNED UP** for future dates as well as possible appearances on his CBS-TV "Dobie Gillis" show, Molly beams at a beaming Mr. Hickman.



photos by Gene Trindl, Topix

END



By SANDRA DEE

# "If I Were Married"

*What kind of wife would Sandra be?*

*What could her husband expect of her? Here*

*are the answers in her own words*



PET Pomeranian stands on hind legs for Sandra who can stand on her own two feet. Her latest movie is U-I's "Portrait In Black".

ALTHOUGH I AM NOT engaged, and not even going steady, I am at the age where I can't help thinking what life would be like if I were married. And I've come to some pretty definite conclusions.

First of all, I'd go right on working!

I know this sounds like a contradiction to what I've said before. A number of times when I was asked about my future, I stated emphatically that once I was married, I would settle down and forget about my career to devote all my time to my husband and my family.

Frankly, this was before I realized how much I enjoyed my work, and how much it meant to me!

Not that I intend to neglect my obligations as a wife. But I will try to have my cake and eat it too, as the saying goes, if at all possible.

If I were married, my husband would be the absolute boss of the family. This is based on the relationship between my mother and step-father, Eugene Douvan. Maybe because he was older, maybe because he'd traveled so much more, or maybe because this is just the way he was; we respected his knowledge and listened to his advice. He was very kind—yet his word was absolute rule in our house. And it worked out beautifully.

I remember one Friday afternoon when he came home from the office about 5:30. Almost casually, during dinner, he suggested that mother and I spend our after-dinner hours packing.

Mother looked up at him in surprise. "Where are we going this time, Eugene?"

"We're flying to Cuba tomorrow morning at 7:00," he announced matter-of-factly.

"But what am I going to do about clothes?" Mom came back.

"And what about me?" I added. "Half the stuff I have is at the cleaners right now."

It didn't disturb him a bit. "You pack whatever you have, and if you are short anything, we will buy it in Havana."

Sure enough, the next morning at 7:00, we left for New York's International Airport, and Cuba.

This was not an isolated case. Once he gave us barely an hour to get ready for a boat trip to New England. Many times we didn't even have that much time to prepare for a weekend jaunt. We never argued. And that's exactly the way I want it to be when I'm married.

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photos by Globe

**GAZING** into the future Sandra says, "My husband could always be sure of one thing—I'll try to look attractive at all times."



*some pretty definite ideas about marriage; for one thing, her husband would be absolute boss*

I realize, of course, that there will be complications because of my career. So what I just said will depend on my availability. But my work will be the only thing that might stand in the way of any sudden departure.

Although I want my husband to make all major decisions concerning our lives, such as where we ought to live, whether or not to go out at night, what kind of vacation to take, there's one prerogative I'll insist on: to keep my old friends.

It's rare enough to have close friends in the first place. I certainly wouldn't want to give up the ones I have.

And it can happen. It did happen to a friend of mine who was married a few months ago.

Her husband is quite a bit older than she is, and from an entirely different background. His people and her people somehow didn't mix, and from the very beginning he made it quite clear that she would have to adjust herself to him. She had to entertain his friends two and three times a week, without being able to see hers at all.

She agreed to it reluctantly. It soon became a sore point in their marriage. I have a feeling that it may develop into one of the reasons as to why it won't work out. I don't think any husband has the right to demand this kind of sacrifice.

**A**T THE same time, I know of one sacrifice I would not ask of my husband—to put on an apron and be domesticated. If he would like to come in the kitchen and fix something, or barbecue, or do anything else that he wants to do out of his own free will, fine. But I would no more demand it of him anymore than he should expect me to nail up a garage door or fix a leaky water faucet.

I don't even like to keep house! I like cooking, as long as I can make what I choose, but I don't like to clean up the mess I make in the kitchen—but I do, reluctantly.

Like last Christmas, when I fixed a goose. Mom said it was the best she's ever eaten. On the other hand, a couple of weeks later, our maid was off, and Mom and I were too tired to go out. She had a headache and asked if I would mind fixing up something for dinner.

I figured a meat loaf would be the easiest dish. It didn't turn out too badly, which is more than I can say for the sauce. No matter what I added, it remained sticky. I finally opened a can of peaches and poured it over the meat loaf. It was an original idea—but not very satisfying. I'm not sure that a husband will be as understanding about it as my mom.

However, I feel certain that I would make a very good mother, because I love children. And believe me, I've been up against some pretty despairing situations with my nephew Sergei, with whom I baby sat the last time I went to New York.

Sergei is four. As his aunt, I can truthfully say he is a lovable little monster. Ten teenaged delinquents would be easier to handle than he.

Right now he worships Zorro. He mimics him, in his own way, whenever he has a chance. And I want to tell you the result can be quite disastrous.

While I was looking at television, believing that Sergei was busy with his coloring book, I suddenly heard a funny slicing noise. For a while I ignored it, but then became suspicious and rushed into the living room, where I found my little nephew carving up the furniture with a knife. "I'm Zorro," he screeched at the top of his voice.

"You're a naughty little boy," I said angrily. "Now promise you won't do that again?"

Sergei promised with tears in his eyes, and my heart melted.

His mother was hardly pleased, to say the least, when she found her home in a state of semi-destruction. But she did forgive him, knowing her own son!

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**MARRIED** or not, Sandra says she will go right on working, if at all possible.

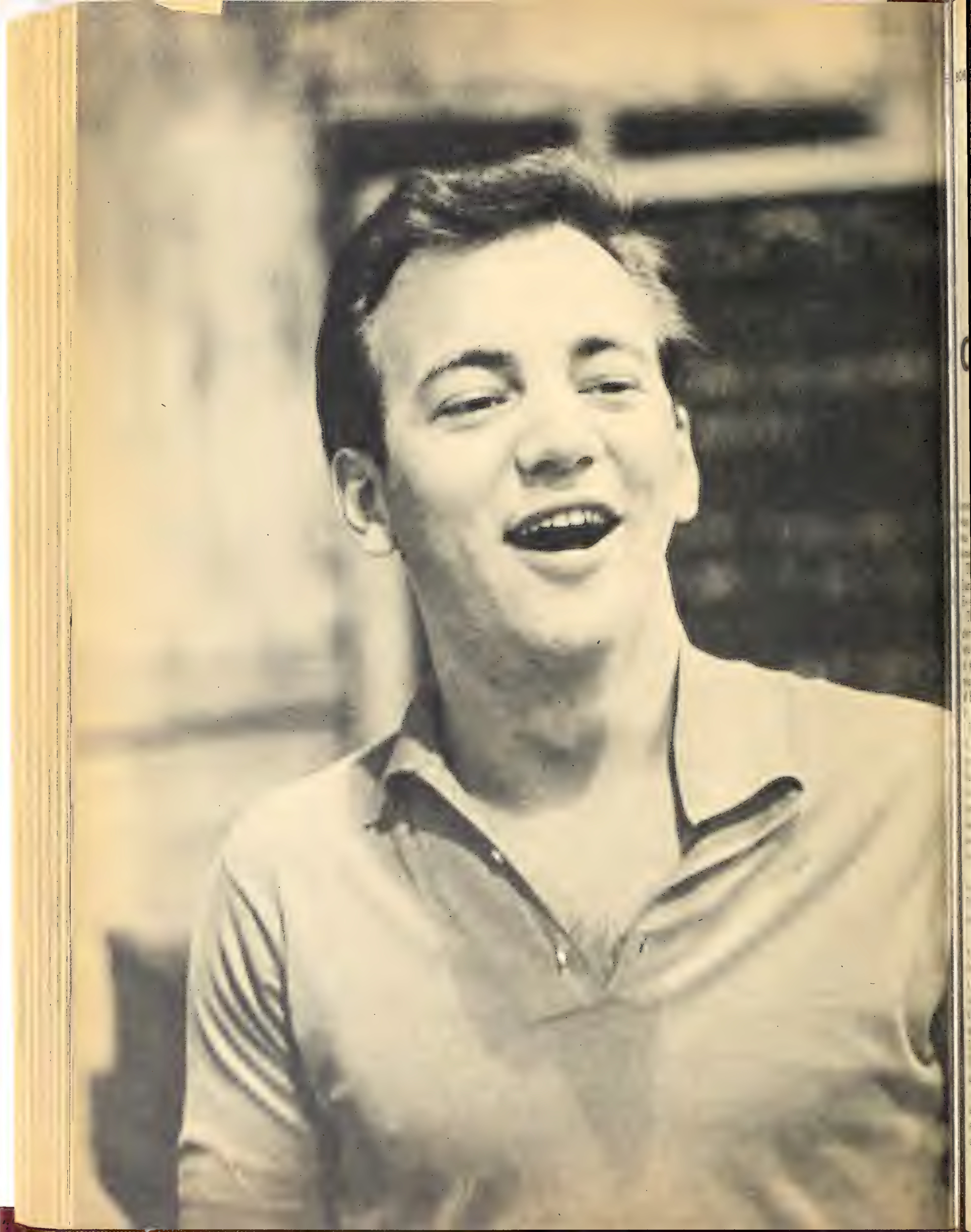


**SANDRA** will insist upon one prerogative when she is married: that's the right to keep her old friends.

**ONE** sacrifice Sandra wouldn't ask of her husband would be to put on an apron and be domesticated.









# The boy who didn't belong

*As a youngster Bobby was out of tune with his surroundings, a minority of one; today, the tune he sings means sweet success*

TO A WOMAN ALMOST twice his age, he was the lover she wouldn't let go. To teachers, he was the bright boy who often wouldn't take the trouble to study. To himself, he was the guy who so hated the frustrations of each day that sometimes he wouldn't bother to get out of bed.

Throughout his childhood and adolescent years, Bobby Darin was a one-man minority, the kid who didn't belong. He says, "It was like being a displaced person."

Today, Bobby Darin is still in the minority, but it is that glorious minority of top talent. Rebelling against hated situations gave him the drive to rise to the top. The record of what he has done is as reassuring as a handclasp to any young person whose ambitions set him apart in a lonely world of his own, for Bobby Darin is one who has found his place by turning his own dreams into reality.

During the past year, he has emerged from the large group of rock 'n' roll singers to become an entertainer enjoyed by persons of all ages. His recording of "Mack The Knife" held Number One spot on the charts for weeks; he has an impressive contract with Paramount Pictures; he owns a recording company; he has harvested a crop of "top singer" titles; he has been the subject of Ralph Edwards' "This Is Your Life" and is sought after to appear on as many major television shows as he will accept.

Yet despite this display of talent, there are those who, viewing his recent years, regard Bobby as a reformed beatnik. This makes Bobby boil. Recently, in a theater dressing room between shows, he stated his views most emphatically.

"I hate the word *beatnik*," said Bobby. "Just because I was once down to my last pair of jeans doesn't make me a beatnik. Before you call me a beatnik, you must define what a beatnik is. If, by a beatnik, you mean a guy who doesn't care about anything, count me out. Even in my unhappiest days, I didn't qualify. From the time I could walk, I knew what I wanted to do. I wasn't more than two years old when I was marching around the kitchen, tooting a harmonica, being MacNamarra's Band. Even then I knew I intended to become an entertainer."

Bobby Darin, the dapper, poised performer, becomes the sharply analytical, intellectually angry young man when he speaks of childhood days. He was ready to fight the world for a chance to realize his ambition and, from the beginning,

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A PECK on the cheek is Bobby's way of saying that he likes Anna Stana and she apparently feels much the same way about Bobby.

By AMY LEWIS



there was more to fight than one small boy, a loyal sister and a sick mother could handle.

Walden Robert Cassotto was born in New York City on May 14, 1937. His father, an Italian carpenter, died five months before he was born. "My mother was not a young woman," says Bobby. "From that time on, she was ill. She couldn't work. We had to go on home relief and she just hated it. She had always been able to accomplish so many things."

With the pride of deep love, Bobby recounted them. Paula Walden had attended a small college near Chicago. "We've got a funny old picture of her on a bloomer-girl baseball team." She had been in vaudeville. "Whenever I saw some one dance on television I was after her, demanding, 'Mom, what step is that? Show me how to do it.'" After she married, she had taught school, held civil service jobs, done social work. "With such a background, you can see why we didn't fit into some of the slums where we had to live after she was no longer able to work. Our neighbors had their troubles, too, many of them due to the lack of education. They couldn't understand why an educated person should be on relief. Some resented us. They thought we were being snooty when we were just being ourselves."

The gap widened when, at the age of four, Bobby contracted rheumatic fever. He was eight before he was able to start school. During these years, his mother and his devoted sister, Nina, read to him, talked to him, sang with him. Their teaching paid dividends. He completed six years of grammar school in four and finished at the head of his class. In junior and senior high school, however, his grades were only fair. "I never did come out even with the other kids in my class," says Bobby. "First I was older, then younger, then older again. I loved to read and my vocabulary grew. The kids called me the walking dictionary and that didn't make me many friends, either. I played ball when I could, but because of the rheumatic fever, that wasn't very often. Again, I was a minority of one."

About that time, a fourth important member joined the family team. Bobby's sister, Nina, had grown to be a beauty, but her boy friends soon learned that the family was inseparable. Nina says, "I let them know that whoever married me got Mother and Bobby, too." Charles Maffia, a refrigerator repairman, was the young swain who met the challenge and married Nina. Bobby acknowledges his influence by saying, "I'll never be able to repay the help he gave me."

**STRUMMING** on a guitar, Bobby entertains some Hollywood children. Bobby plays several instruments, organized a band in high school.





## *when I knew I would become an entertainer"*

But Bobby's dreams still set him apart. He entered the Bronx High School Of Science. "That was a sharp school where a great many academically gifted kids were out on a cold drive for straight A's. I bucked for it just long enough to find out that I could hold my own, then I lost interest. I got no kick out of beating them any more. I didn't care about A's in science; I wanted to learn music."

Again, there were handicaps. "I was 18 before we latched onto a piano. I used the one in the school lunch room to learn to play. The only musical instruments we had—if you can call them that—were a harmonica and a beat up ukulele." He borrowed a set of drums and organized a band. "I kept looking for some place in the world that belonged to me."

He thought he had found it when he enrolled at Hunter College to major in drama and speech. He didn't belong there, either. "The other kids in the dramatic society would go around quoting lines all day. I couldn't remember a particular line for ten minutes. Instead, I was trying to dig deeper and understand what the author was trying to say about a character."

He quit in the middle of the term. "I realized that something was bothering me and that it wasn't going to come out

**POISED** at side of pool, Bobby's learned to take success in stride.



**BOBBY'S** streak of rebelliousness as a youngster was channelized into realizing his ambitions to become a top musical entertainer.

as a result of books. The way I saw it, I was copping out from taking full responsibility for myself, using the excuse that I was getting an education. Going to college was only going to defer taking that responsibility for four years."

He sampled the rigors of the road by touring with a children's theater company, then returned to New York to try to get on the stage. He was keenly conscious that he was contributing little to the support of the family. Nina remembers, "Bobby shared whatever he had and he always tried to do something special for mother. Imagination was more abundant than money. He once celebrated a \$30 a week job by bringing Mother one goldfish in a big brandy snifter."

Bobby earned his keep by a series of unskilled jobs, such as cleaning drill machines in a downtown factory and cleaning guns for the Navy. He says, "I'd get a few dollars ahead, then quit to make the Broadway rounds. I wanted to be an actor, but nobody wanted me."

It was then that he drifted into the love affair with the woman who was 31 to his 18. Bobby is still openly bitter about it. "She was a dancer. She had great plans for helping me with my career, but that woman was more mixed-up than I was. After six-months, I did break away, but I went into a deep spell of depression. For a year and a half, everything stank. I hate to think of all the days I wasted. I couldn't face another closed door, and I couldn't face myself. I was so mad at everything that some days I wouldn't even bother to get out of bed."

**I**N THAT murky period, he didn't realize that he had already started to put his rebellion to work for him. He is brutally honest about why he began to write songs. "It was the only way I had to get back at the woman for all the lies she had told and for what she had done to me."

Those songs, plus a chance meeting in a candy store changed the course of Bobby's life. An objective account of it comes from Don Kirshner, now a prospering young music publisher and singers' agent. Says Don, "During summer vacation from Upsala College, I had happened to write a song which was accepted. The night that I met Bobby, I had my first publisher's contract in my pocket. Actually, the contract didn't

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By **GALE STORM**

as told to Jim Cooper

# "My Baby's Four Fathers"

*When Susanna Jo was born to Gale, her three big brothers were so elated that they practically took over raising her*

**I**T'S SMALL WONDER that my two-and-a-half year old daughter, Susan, thinks she has four fathers. In a way, she has.

There was a nine-year interval between Susan's arrival and the birth of Peter, the youngest of my three boys. My husband, Lee Bonnell, and I simply were exultant about having another baby after all that time. The only thing that gave us even momentary pause was the natural anxiety about how the three boys would react to the belated addition to the family.

We realized that resentment and jealousy were all too common under such circumstances. But we were hopeful that somehow we might spare the older children such emotional turmoil—or at least soften it.

I'd heard them talk about friends of theirs whose parents were going to have children, and it seemed to me that boys that age are sometimes embarrassed by this situation. They find it awkward. They consider themselves so big and grownup, and suddenly they're going to have a *baby* in the family!

I'm hardly taking credit for any amazing new formula, but our situation did work out almost magically. The battle—if it can be called anything that dramatic—was won, I am thoroughly convinced, during the time of my pregnancy.

Naturally, I had my apprehensions. We had no way of knowing how the boys would react to the news, and we delayed telling them. For one thing, I'd just started my new television series, and I didn't want my sponsor to worry about whether I'd be able to perform in my condition. I was supposed to keep it a deep, dark secret, and Lee and I were just bursting to shout it from the rooftops.

So it was quite a dilemma. On the one hand, I hesitated to tell the boys because they might talk about it, and word would get out. On the other hand, I was afraid the report of our impending blessed event might leak from another source, and if the boys didn't learn it from us they'd feel left out and hurt. Added to that, we had a certain amount of selfish qualms about telling them.

We finally decided that the reality couldn't be as bad as uncertainty, and we met the situation head-on at dinner. I casually made the announcement, and steeled myself for the reaction.

Phillip, our oldest, who's now 16 but was 13 at the time, was stunned. But in a nice way. Pete, who usually is less demonstrative than the others, had tears pouring down his face. You can't imagine how touching this was unless you realize that ordinarily you have to put your knees on his chest

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**SUSANNA** and her elders: front row, Pete 13, Gale and Paul, 12; rear row, Susanna, 3, Lee and Phillip, 16. Boys were wowed by a little sister.





# let's look at the records

Reviews of new discs by SHELDON WAX

**A** FABULOUS exponent of the Big Beat, **Jackie Wilson** carries its banners high in his new Brunswick album, "So Much". Jackie's vocal range borders on the unbelievable and it's certainly given a workout on this LP. Among the tunes stamped with the indelible Wilson brand—"The Magic Of Love", "Talk That Talk" and "Thrill Of Love". . . . Far be it for the **Ames Brothers** to allow the heavy interest in country and western music to pass them by. The boys' new Victor album, "The Ames Brothers Sing The Best In The Country", is the first venture afield for the group which has tackled just about every other musical area. Included in this ode to the outdoors is "Love Me Tender", "Your Cheatin' Heart" and "On Top Of Old Smoky". . . . **Bob Beckham**, one of the newer voices on the Decca label, has put forth his first album, "Just As Much As Ever". Bob uses a strong, straightforward approach to a vocal and we must say it's refreshing and unusually easy on the ears. Bob's choice of material is excellent including top grade standards like "Where Or When", "September In The Rain" and "When I Fall In Love". . . . Roulette Records' pert blonde songstress, **Cathy Carr**, has a Carr-load of goodies in her latest album, "Shy". Cathy's outlook is young and infectious and transmits sincerity in large chunks on numbers such as "I'm Nobody's Baby", "Blame It On My Youth" and "Teach Me Tonight".

A song-writing team with only slightly less tenure than Gilbert and Sullivan—Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen—has been "honored" by a new **Lena Horne** album offering some of their long string of standards. The Victor LP includes the internationally acclaimed "Like Someone In Love", "It Could Happen To You" and "It's Anybody's Spring", and some lesser lights, "Just My Luck", "Get Rid Of Monday" and "Ring The Bell". Lena, accompanied by husband Lennie Hayton's orchestra, is in fine voice. . . . Two of Mercury Records' finest perform-

ers, **Brook Benton** and **Dinah Washington**, have teamed up on a single that could presage more outings for this pair, there being strong possibilities that either "Baby" or "I Do" could come up a hit. . . . **The Platters'** new Mercury coupling of the oldies, "Sleepy Lagoon" and "Harbor Lights", is another example of the group's ability to pump new life into standards. "Lagoon" strikes us as the stronger side but it's hard to fault the "Harbor Lights" entry. . . . **Jimmie Rodgers'** latest contribution to the cause of good listening is a Roulette duo, "TLC (Tender Love and Care)" and "Waltzing Matilda". "Matilda" has been given a tremendous revival because of its use in the movie "On The Beach" and Jimmie's handling should make it more popular than ever. But the side on which Jimmie really shines is "TLC"—definitely first-rate Rodgers. . . . **Janice Harper** r-r-really swings on her Capitol revival of "Cry Me A River", Julie London's big hit of several years back. Janice's "River" is at vocal high tide all the way. The flip side, "Just Say I Love Him", is a ballad that isn't quite in the same league with its running mate but Janice gets maximum mileage from it.

TV private eye Mike Hammer finally gets his due in an album of theme music from the show. Hammer, as you already know, is a hard guy, and the music in the Victor album conducted by **Skip Martin** has that same hard, two-fisted quality to it. . . . **Eileen Barton** can always be counted on for a solid performance, no matter what form her material takes. In the case of her new United Artists release, "That Old Feeling" and "The Joke", the material is up to the performance which makes for a delightful double helping of Barton a la carte. . . . Verve Records most ambitious project to date is a five-LP album of **Ella Fitzgerald** singing the George and Ira Gershwin Songbooks. With album jackets illustrated by famed French painter Bernard Buffet, the whole produc-

tion spells top quality with, of course, the top attraction being the pairing of nonpareil song stylist Fitzgerald with the monumental output of the Gershwins. Taken all in all—a Herculean task fantastically accomplished. . . . **Conway Twitty**, who has corralled a large segment of the teenage audience into staunch supporters, doesn't let his growing band of followers down on his latest M-G-M disk, "Lonely Blue Boy" coupled with "Star Spangled Heaven". "Blue Boy" has the rocking beat that has proved so suitable for Conway's delivery. "Heaven" is pretty much along for the ride. . . . **Sarah Vaughan**, may well have another entry in her personal hit parade. Her new Mercury pairing of "Eternally" and "You're My Baby" has all the ingredients to keep the Vaughan boom moving right along. . . . **Glen Osser's** swinging marching band steps smartly out on the United Artists label with a brisk run-through of the Woody Herman classic, "Woodchopper's Ball". The reverse side is a medley of tunes done in a style combining Sousa and Kenton.

The **Mary Kaye Trio** mixes a good solid jazz sense with comic relief and a remarkable attunement to what the public wants. Its latest effort, "On The Sunset Strip", a Warner Bros. LP, has all of the Trio's many facets on glittering display. Among the offerings—"Begin The Beguine", "You Go To My Head" and "Up A Lazy River". . . . **Georgie Auld** and his tenor sax are augmented by strings on a dual United Artists offering, "Harlem Nocturne", and the Rodgers and Hart classic, "Manhattan". The Auld sax paints moody "tone poems" on New York, N. Y. . . . **Anne Phillips'** new Roulette album, "Born To Be Blue", is an LP-full of torch songs and Anne certainly gives them the proper Helen Morgan touch. Among the sad and sophisticated items on hand are "A Stranger In Town", "When Sunny Gets Blue" and "You Don't Know What Love Is". . . . **Kitty Kallen's** Columbia etching of "That Old Feeling" gave us that old feeling. Good songs never die; they just wait around for a good singer to revive them. The flip side, "Need Me", is typical Tin Pan Alley ballad fare given a good run for the money by Miss Kallen. . . . **Nat "King" Cole's** latest Capitol offering is unique in that on one of the sides, "Whatcha Gonna Do?", Nat is vocal-less, it being a showcase for his considerable keyboard talents. The reverse side is a more familiar Cole with Nat doing a fine job on a new ballad called "Time And The River". . . . **Ricky Nelson's** new Imperial EP, "Ricky Sings Spirituals", showcases another side of Ricky's still-growing vocal talents. Young Nelson handles the material in properly reverent style. The songs "Glory Train", "I Bowed My Head In Shame", "March With The Band Of The Lord" and "If You Believe It" should settle the issue once and for all of whether Ricky is just a one groove rock 'n' roller. He is not!

END



# Hollywood Lowdown

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appearances against Marlon Brando—her career took a turn for the better. The Welsh or Indian, what does it matter, beauty, is now working steadily—although she could relax with that huge settlement from Marlon.

Is Marilyn Monroe again expecting a baby? If the stork cancels out this time, Mmmarilyn and husband Arthur Miller will adopt a baby. This often works the miracle and you have your own . . . The Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz differences will be settled when Lucille comes East in the fall to star in a play on Broadway. . . . Robert Horton liked it in London in spite of the going-over by the press. And he has a return date between "Wagon Train" telefilming . . . Raymond Burr came up with a great idea. To have Perry Mason lose one case—just to make the poor District Attorney feel better . . . When last heard from, Bobby 'Mack The Knife' Darin was on a strict diet . . . So was Eddie Fisher. Neither one is tall, and the plumpness doesn't look good. I shouldn't be talking. It's always a struggle to diet. . . . No one really believes the story that Sir Laurence Olivier will portray Humbert Humbert in "Lolita" . . . But one fact is sure, British actor John Mills will not allow his talented 13-year-old actress daughter, Haley, to play the Nymphet. . . .

Kim Stanley is the hardest girl to pin down for an interview, next to Garbo. Makes life easier for Kim to refuse all interviews. But it's hard on her producers who want publicity for their productions. . . . Jan Sterling is lonely in the big house she shared with the late Paul Douglas, and the mansion is for sale.

Alfred Hitchcock refers to contractee Vera Miles as "the prettiest boy in town." Vera's hair is still short from her "Jovanka" shaving. . . . The loneliest man in town, Joseph Cotten, since his beloved Lenore passed away . . . Pity Kay Kendall's last film, "Once More With Feeling", didn't match her own artistry. I didn't like the play either.

Alan Ladd's 12-year-old son, David, now wants to be a prizefighter, the result of Champ Ingo Johansson, staying with Dad while he was filming "All The Young Men" for Alan's company. . . . Jayne Mansfield is going quietly off her blonde rocker. She wants to stay in her pink palace with its 14 bathrooms on Sunset Boulevard. But every film she has made in the past two years has been in Europe. Mickey Hargitay doesn't care where he goes, as long as the eating is good. How this boy can put it away. But he maintains his muscles with rigorous exercises. . . . It may be a year before Judy Garland is really well, but this doesn't mean she won't work. Judy's memoirs should be ready for fall publication.

Edd "Kookie" Byrnes insists he will remain idle until he gets a better deal at

Warners. But Kookie will have to compromise, I fear. Only the very top stars can remain away from the cameras for any length of time . . . Correct me if I'm wrong, but hasn't some of the excitement been missing from the Steve Allen Show since he began broadcasting from Hollywood? . . . Sir Alec Guinness, upset by the criticism of his recent films, threatens to give it all up if his next is panned. I hope not. He's too good to go.

Cary Grant, a long-time hold-out, is about to follow ditto Danny Kaye, and say 'Yes' to a fabulous fortune for a TV spec. . . . I caught up with Dan Dailey in the Big City. He allowed as how his marriage to Gwenn was on the hectic side, "But no worse than any one else's." Funny how the sweetest guys get in the most tangles. . . . The Hugh O'Brian-Lloyd Nolan motel project in Palm Springs caught on after a wobbly beginning . . . Jimmy Durante relays that he has been asked to stay way from the Smellorama movies because one sniff from him and there's nothing left to smell for the rest of the audience.

What a difference a successful television show can make. In the old days they always referred to Jack Kelly as Nancy Kelly's kid brother. Now they say that Nancy is Jack Kelly's sister. She rather likes it.

The way is being cleared for Maureen O'Hara to marry her long-time Mexican admirer . . . New star sensation Larry Harvey denies there is trouble in his marriage with top actress Margaret Leighton. If they have a problem, it's career. Larry has signed to make a dozen films in this country. Margaret has stage commitments in London. It's tough. . . . Thirty-nine-year-old Jack Benny celebrated his 32 years of marriage with Mary earlier in the year. Who says they can't stay married in Hollywood? . . . Ava Gardner originally refused a quarter of a million dollars to



**BEAMING** with happiness, parents-to-be Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn go to a show.

tell all to a national magazine. But with everyone misinterpreting her actions, says Ava, she's getting ready to give her version of her quite fantastic life.

Young Carol Lynley seems to be taking over where Tuesday Weld left off. The younger set is pretty rampant in Hollywood, with all the TV series starring kids who were unknown a year ago. . . . Prediction: Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher will contact the stork this year . . . Tony Randall, the man of a thousand faces, has joined the record set. It seems that everyone can sing. . . . I love Peter Ustinov's explanation of why he has made Switzerland his home "The people are so jolly." So are the jolly minimized taxes.

When Red Skelton divested himself of his long-time business manager, he immediately invested half a million dollars in camera equipment. Red has made a fortune so he can afford a gamble. . . . Dick Powell is hoping that all the trouble with the actors, writers and the studios will result in pensions for actors. "They have nothing to look forward to in their old age except the Motion Picture Relief Home. I don't mean the stars of course." Some of the best character actors, says Dick, earned a mere \$4000 last year. **END**



**STUBBY** Kaye and Stella Stevens see nose to nose while clowning at gay supper party.



**RE-OPENING** of Ciro's, top Hollywood night spot, finds Debbie Reynolds among patrons.



# Headed For The Altar?

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cause his friendship means a great deal to me. He helped me more than I can say when I first started in pictures. I was so frightened then, with no acting experience. I'll always be grateful to him because don't think anybody would have noticed me if he hadn't done such a fine job on my first picture. When he directed me later in 'Bell, Book And Candle', I was happier about that performance than anything up to that time. All along he's given me advice and encouragement, a real friend, one I can trust." And her eyes clouded over as she pleaded, "Why won't people believe this?"

Close friends do believe it and they also predict that the so-many-times-in-love screen goddess and the tall, serious ex-actor will tie the nuptial knot sometime in 1960. In fact, they expected a marriage immediately after his divorce was final last July 26, a year after it was filed. It was obvious that they were in love as they dined or danced together or when Kim, a guest at Quine's house at Malibu, spent hours walking on the beach with him engrossed in conversation. Kim was oblivious of the curious neighbors who passed the house hoping for a glimpse of the blonde sex-pot who didn't look very sexy in a rumpled wind-breaker, blue jeans and scuffed moccasins, her pale face without make-up. "Kim's eyes fascinate me," said an actress who was a guest at a Sunday barbecue at the Quine cottage. "Normally they're hazel, but when she's angry they flare into a blazing yellow. When she's happy they are a soft, catlike green. It was easy to see that she was in love with Dick because her beautiful eyes were as emerald green as the sea."

**E**VEN SO, capricious Kim was soon off to France for the Cannes Film Festival, frolicking around Europe garnering her usual headlines, receiving the candlelight and champagne treatment once again from Mario Bandini in Rome and Aly Khan at his fabulous French chateau. In Cannes, she was photographed nuzzling up to heart-breaker Cary Grant as they danced the nights away. And while they danced, Cary kept nibbling her ear. Apparently there was no romance because Cary remarked later, a bit ungraciously: "I love to dance. Kim was a convenient dancing partner."

For Kim all this was apparently just good clean fun ("I like the way men kiss hands in Europe . . . in fact, I love it") and marvelous publicity, besides. For on her return she went right back to the waiting arms of Dick Quine.

"I believe," said a friend of Kim's, "that she's wise not to have rushed into marriage with Dick last summer after his divorce. It's a good omen for the success of any marriage, this one in particular. Kim and Dick need time to work out the problems relative to their work which, by

its nature, separates them for months at a time and because Kim, as a devout Catholic, must make a *lasting* marriage. Those of us who saw a more confident, radiant Kim Novak, gorgeous in white chiffon, as Dick's starry-eyed dancing partner New Year's Eve at the Lee Strasbergs' party, know this is the 'real thing' for both."

But what does Kim herself have to say about an approaching marriage?

She smiles with her best Mona Lisa-like slow smile and says merely, "Dick and I have the greatest respect for each other. As to marriage, that is something I can't commit myself on one way or the other. But I will say that he has helped me tremendously. He's been a guiding friend all through my career. He gave me a good luck charm on that first picture we made and I've never done one since without wearing it."

Nor will the tall, boyish Dick Quine go any further than, "We're just good friends. We like working together as actress and director and we like being together occasionally after work." Quine is the reserved type who wouldn't be in character if he wore his heart on his sleeve. But not long ago Kim came up with a highly surprising answer when she was asked why, as a good Catholic, she dated men who had been married. "Never to my knowledge have I dated a man who's been divorced," she answered blandly! Conveniently she must have forgotten that Dick Quine, Frank Sinatra, John Ireland, Trujillo, Jeff Chandler, Pignatari, Cary Grant and Aly Khan have all been divorced, most of them more than once.

There is indeed speculation that the question of divorce has been a reason behind the delayed marriage of Kim and Dick, who has been himself twice divorced. Just how Kim will gain the blessing of her church isn't known but she may be trying to resolve this problem.

At 27, the ethereally lovely screen goddess is definitely ready for marriage and with candid forthrightness she admitted as much. "My parents," she said some time ago, "think I'm getting to be an old maid. They'd like to see me settled down with a husband and children. Before I came to Hollywood all I thought about was marriage. And then all this happened"—she waved at the cluttered studio set—"to change my goal. I wanted most of all to learn to be a really good actress. It was hard to sit back and let well enough alone. If you don't close the door and give full attention too one thing, you can really louse up everything."

That was a few years ago, and today Kim has matured both as an actress and as a woman. She's developed a serious interest in reading, art and music. Her years of immature, girlish crushes, of being in love with love, are at an end. She has a new confidence—in her acting, in her place in the star firmament, above



"A CAREER can't be the only thing in life," says Kim. "I'd like to marry, have children."

all, in herself. To prove it she said recently in her soft, excited, breathy way, "There was a time—a couple of years ago, maybe more—when I was really pushing. Now I enjoy life more because I know that a career can't be the only thing in life. I'd like to be fulfilled as a woman; to marry and have children. The gossip writers have had me tied up with every man I ever heard of. That's what I get for being single so long. Maybe I should have married when I first came into pictures. They let married women alone," she smiled, then grew serious again. "I look for much more in a man than I did formerly when all I wanted was a good companion and a father-type counselor. I need a fine, sensitive man who challenges my mind, and one whom I can respect. I want someone who respects *me* and listens to me—to what I have to say. Somewhere there must be such a man."

There is. And Kim has found him in Dick Quine.

Quine's first marriage was a tragic one. In 1942 he married the pretty starlet Susan Peters and two years later she was paralyzed from the waist down following a hunting accident. Dick cared for her tenderly and they adopted a son, Timothy. When Susan sued for divorce after six years of marriage, friends were mystified. It was indeed a strange divorce for the decree wasn't made final until 1951. The following year when Susan died, Dick took Timothy, now 14, to live with him.

Seven years ago Dick married Barbara, a granddaughter of Francis X. Bushman, silent screen star. They have two children, Katherine Corey, 4, and Victoria Elizabeth, 2. "Barbara and I have been on each other's nerves," Dick told the press in May, 1958. I guess I've been working too hard. We've agreed on a six-weeks legal separation." When that didn't work out Mrs. Quine sued for divorce, and has the youngsters with her.

"In a certain sense," says an astute observer, "Quine is Kim's 'Pygmalion' though he had assistance, of course, with his 'Galatea'. Like Professor Henry Higgins in 'My Fair Lady' who molds the



flower girl Eliza into an aristocrat, Dick Quine's great desire is to see Kim develop into a truly fine actress.

"Dick met her shortly after she first showed up in Hollywood as a model for Thor washing machines and got her first movie job as a dress extra in Jane Russell's picture, 'The French Line'. When she was brought to Columbia studios by an agent, Quine was asked to direct Kim's first test. A frightened kid from Chicago's crowded West Side, who, as someone remarked, had 'never even read the funnies out loud,' Kim couldn't be heard, had great difficulty speaking a line and handling a tea cup at the same time. Dick, a patient and conscientious man, simplified the action for her, helped her get a starring role right off because he believed she had possibilities. The camera believed it too, fell in love with her rare combination of classical Slavic beauty and lush, sensual appeal."

Quine himself has explained, "Kim—she was Marilyn Novak then—definitely had something. In that first test she was terribly bad in one scene and terribly good in another. She was desperately anxious then, a girl who telephoned me in the middle of the night throughout the picture to agonize over the next day's scenes. After a hasty coaching, she'd been co-starred with Fred MacMurray in her first picture, 'Pushover'. She was so sensitive that merely having to slap Fred MacMurray took her an entire morning to get on film. She said tearfully that she just could not bring herself to hit anyone. I pleaded and begged and cajoled. 'Hit me good,' Fred begged. After she did, she ran to her dressing room weeping and refused lunch. She spent a good deal of time in tears. And she told me that night after night she sat silently in a church praying that she'd get through the next day."

Kim made it all right, for less than two years later she was named the Number One box-office attraction in the nation. As she soared from obscurity to fame, always under tremendous self-discipline, long hours of study and studio pressures, it's no wonder that the superlatively beautiful actress began to show an unpretty side. It's no wonder, too, that she landed in the hospital frequently suffering from exhaustion and emotional storms.

Directors became highly vocal when she began "directing" them, kept cast and crew waiting while she perfected her make-up and hair, worked with her drama coach on her lines. "We didn't get along," said director George Sidney succinctly after the non-stop state of war between him and Kim during "Jeanne Eagels". "Take that damn mirror away from her," yelled exasperated Josh Logan during the making of "Picnic". Even the suave Alfred Hitchcock felt the power of Kim's tantrums in "Vertigo". "Oh," he explained, airily, "we had our arguments. I didn't particularly care for her insistence on all the comforts of home on a movie set. A studio is a place to work." Nor did he care for the heavy eye make-up she always wore.

It's reported that every morning he asked her to remove it but bit by bit it reappeared during the day.

And co-stars, too, from the late Ty Power to Kirk Douglas have had their running feuds with the luscious blonde with the hauntingly sad eyes. Kirk and Kim's feud exploded on the set of their newest film, "Strangers When We Meet", directed by Quine. It was rumored that the trouble began when filming was slowed down by Kim's insistence on working on each scene for hours until she felt it was right for her and on her attempts to direct Kirk's scenes. He stomped off the set in a big fat rage several times, while she broke into hysterical tears. It was said that Kirk would prefer a tin cup and pencils to making another film with her.

But Kirk gallantly refuted this, explaining, "Behind all that sexy glamour is a girl with a strong urge to be a fine actress. I like a fighter; I'm a fighter myself. Any disagreements Kim and I had were only in the interest of making the picture better. I like this kind of fighting; I like Kim. And I hope we'll make another picture together." Later, guests were bug-eyed at a big fancy party Kirk and his wife gave, to see Kim gaily kiss her former adversary and float by in a dreamy waltz with him.

EVIDENTLY the tears and traumas attendant on the making of "Strangers When We Meet" did not cool the togetherness of actress and director, for Quine gifted Kim with a handsome white sports car and she presented him with equally handsome gold cuff-links.

There are those who feel Dick Quine has reason to be worried about whether he and Kim will be able to adjust to married life. Her unpredictable behavior on the set of her last film caused one columnist to raise a warning finger: "Better be careful, Kim. Dick, the man you may marry, is getting a long look at a Kim Novak he hasn't met before, and your teary tantrums have his eyebrows up."

But a friend of Quine's doesn't believe this. "Dick," he says, "understands Kim's acting problems. Professionally, he's one of the few directors who gets on well with perfectionist Kim because he knows how to handle her. 'Suggest, please suggest,' Kim begs directors, 'but never order me.'"

And Dick is so perceptive that he is able to bolster her lagging self-confidence. He knows, too, that an actress by her very nature, is not a normal, well-adjusted individual and he makes allowances. On and off the set Dick takes no nonsense, though, from the highly explosive Kim—he's too dedicated a director to let her get too far out of line. In this regard he's a strong character like Kim's father. And she likes that. She's been greatly enriched by his devotion. His innate awareness of acting techniques, his ability to get a performance from her, have broadened her scope. In 'Middle Of The Night' for the first time critics felt she demonstrated this and she does it again as the straying housewife in 'Strangers'.

"But Dick Quine is a man and has the normal quota of jealousy. It's been rumored that this has led to quarrels between them. For instance, when Kim was in New York making 'Middle Of The Night' she dated many other men, principally Dr. Ernest Wynder. Evidently she was testing her feelings for Dick. He couldn't understand how she could date other men if she was in love with him. Naturally, he knows Kim must have publicity dates for the photographers, as in Europe last summer, but possibly he wonders just how far she must go. Recently, Quine took off for Europe to scout locations for his forthcoming film, 'The Image Makers', and Kim is again rumored dating the New York field."

But before he left, Kim managed to make headlines again. In New York she, Dick and some friends were chasing police radio calls for kicks, cruising around with a police press-agent "crime-hopping" in a radio-equipped car. When they heard that three people were shot in a tavern brawl, the crime-hoppers promptly raced ambulances to the hospital and paid a call on the wounded strangers. "I love to do fun things on the spur of the moment," Kim once told a reporter. "I can't stand planning ahead."

But that's only for fun things. For such serious decisions as marriage Kim is taking her time. When she's fully convinced that with Richard Quine she'll become what she wants to be—a fulfilled woman—you may be certain she'll walk the matrimonial aisle as the most beautiful bride in town. **END**

## "The Girl Who Broke My Heart"

*continued from page 16*

from playing, and looked up at me.

"Now tell me honestly, Roger, is there anything wrong with me?"

I don't know what happened, but somehow the guitar slipped out of my hands. Trying to pick it up, I happened to bend down—and our lips met, quite accidentally. Yet she thought it was intentional!

I was so embarrassed that I bolted up-right again, and continued my singing as if nothing had happened. She didn't know

I was scared to death. In fact, she later told me she thought it was pretty fantastic how calm and worldly I could be.

Thereafter, every night she dedicated another song to me on our radio station, until the whole campus was conscious of what was happening between us. Or at least what they thought was happening between us.

My own attitude gradually changed. *continued on page 62*



## "THE GIRL WHO BROKE MY HEART"

continued

Her pointed affection for me lessened my fear and gave me self-assurance. I was no longer as quiet in her company. I started to assert myself.

And by doing so, I talked myself right out of the girl! If only I had shut-up, the affair might have turned out differently.

I started worrying about her openly. I asked her not to drive so fast. I cautioned her about some of the company she kept. I was concerned about her studies—about every phase of her life. And thus her strong and silent type had changed into just another boy from a middle-class family who had a big crush on her!

The result was that Heidi, who had gone steady with me for several weeks, started dating other boys again. I nearly went out of my mind!

I became so jealous that I couldn't sleep at night. Sometimes I would follow her around to see whom she was with. Needless to say, this didn't do me any good. Finally, she refused to go out with me altogether.

I decided to make one final attempt to get back in her good graces. And so I sent her a note pleading, "I've got to see you just once more."

She agreed to go back to the same park with me where we had gone on our first date. Before I could confess my undying love for her, she said matter-of-factly, "I'm sorry, Roger, but I just don't care for you anymore."

She was just ready to take off again when a gang of motorcyclists tore into the camp ground—there must have been a dozen college students and their girls there—and started to raid it. They were carrying broken bottles, knives, and other deadly weapons.

All of us, Heidi and myself included, dashed up the mountain to safety, while the cyclists, about 20 of them, made a mess of what we'd left behind—food, clothing, cars, and so forth.

One of my fraternity brothers who had taken a stroll in the park with his girl, ran into one of the fellows when he returned—he didn't realize there were more—demanded to know what was going on. The next thing he knew was that he was pinned to the ground with the other guys beating the daylight out of him.

My own mind worked feverishly. While I didn't particularly care for the guy, I saw a chance to promote my own cause. If I helped him, I figured, I might win Heidi's respect. At this point I was willing to do anything for her, including risking my life, which is exactly what I did.

I ran down the hill and charged the group of boys like a flash of lightning. They made short work of me. I was beaten senseless with rocks and sticks, and broken glass, and someone even managed to give me an eight-inch gash in my scalp.

Fearing they'd killed me when I passed into unconsciousness, the cyclists fled the

scene while the fellows and girls from the fraternity and sorority ran toward me. They found me still breathing, and rushed me to the hospital where 15 stitches were taken in my scalp.

I came to again in a hospital bed several hours later, with a terrifying headache. Unknown to me, my exploits had earned me a new nickname—Burt, for Burt Lancaster.

Accounts of my deeds, vastly exaggerated, spread all over the campus. Overnight I had become the new hero. Girls were serenading me from the street below my hospital room. Newspapers carried descriptions of the battle, also exaggerated. My professors congratulated me. Best of all, Heidi came back to her hero. She was so proud of me that when I was released from the hospital and we went for walks, she made me unwrap the bandage from my head so everybody could see the stitches in my scalp.

Unfortunately, the idyllic situation didn't last. As I grew healthier, interest in me started to sag, and that included Heidi's. And then I had another accident.

This one was a simple, unglamorous concussion I earned on the football field, which cost me my scholarship, and my girl. By the time I was discharged from the hospital this time, she had lost all interest in me.

But I did benefit from the latest happening in one way. Unable to continue with my football playing, I decided to concentrate on my guitar. I figured that maybe, if my voice was good enough I could serenade myself back into her heart.

**I**T WAS the beginning of a new career—but it had no affect on Heidi whatsoever. When the semester was over, she returned to Los Angeles to enroll in a different college. Nevertheless, when she said goodbye, we promised to write each other regularly. For the next two months, for every letter she wrote I wrote 20.

Two weeks before school started, I couldn't stand it anymore. I had to go to Los Angeles to find out how things were between us. I found out.

I can still see myself ringing her doorbell. Through it I heard her gay laughter. Oh, how I had missed it! Then the door opened and Heidi came out. A surprised look formed on her face as she recognized me. And then I saw the handsome young man, obviously her escort for the night.

"Roger," she said at last, "I want you to meet John Harrington."

And to the fellow, "John, this is the boy I told you about, from Nogales."

Obviously, John couldn't remember. Then they left me standing, with egg on my face, and some polite excuses why they couldn't ask me to come along.

I still didn't have the good sense to head back home. Instead, I came back to her house the following morning, for another heart-to-heart talk.

Heidi insisted that while she still liked me, she felt in no way tied to me. Then she suggested that it might be best not



**HAPPILY** wed and dad of two, Roger, here with the family pooch, is a contented man

to correspond with each other anymore.

Only three days had elapsed from the time I left Nogales till I returned. Yet I felt ten years older. And I hadn't improved in that time. I started to have arguments with my father. I picked fights with my fraternity brothers. My grades went downhill. I was pretty well on the way to ruining myself and my education.

My love for Heidi was still too strong to write her off completely. And so, under the pretext of going to California to make my fortune, I quit college and took off to see her again.

I reached Los Angeles with only a few dollars in my pocket. I can still see myself walking into a telephone booth near the bus station, and dialing her home number. I got as far as the second letter, then hung up. I dialed again—and again—and again, but I never finished.

And then I got mad. I wasn't going to let her get away with it, I told myself. I would show her I was as good as any fellow. I would be a big success someday, and she'd be crawling back to me. It was then that my ambition was born to really make something out of my life.

When I returned to Nogales I didn't dilly-dally around any more. I went back to school and studied harder than ever before. I looked for an aim in life. At first, it was to become the best guitarist in the world. When I switched to acting, I wanted to become a real professional. And I was willing to make every necessary sacrifice for it.

It seems a typical paradox of life that when I finally started to succeed in what I had set out to accomplish, I was no longer interested in Heidi.

By then I had met and married Victoria Shaw and was perfectly happy with the way things were going.

Yet looking back to those miserable months I spent almost seven years ago, I can't help but be grateful to the girl who once broke my heart, but at the same time, if indirectly, gave me the ambition I needed to succeed.

**END**



# Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 11

**RECONCILIATION**—We're happy to report the split between Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., and Stephanie lasted only a week. Jimmy says, "All married couples have problems and we reached a point where it seemed best to work them out separately. We did."

**SPLIT**—Sorry to report that Gustavo Rojo and his wife, German actress Erika Remberg, are divorcing. Career trouble. Gustavo has been working here—recently in "The Miracle" and TV—and she's been in Europe. Married last June, they spent only a few weeks together. He's very broken up about the end of the marriage because he had hoped for a real family life. His first wife died tragically. He has a 5-year-old daughter and Erika has, too, and the little girls had been very happy together here.

**FABE'S BACK**—Yes, Fabian's back, but no girl has got him! Just after he arrived in town he attended a party for Connie Francis, here for her night club opening, and Fabe asked a friend, "Don't you know any girls my age here who aren't in the business? The girls I've met act so old!" And that was before he met Tuesday Weld with whom he's working in "High Time". Fabe really wins friends faster than Dale Carnegie ever did. He has an unspoiled, unaffected charm that bowls over the blase Hollywoodians.

**HOME FOLKS**—Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward are back in town to co-star in "From The Terrace" but they're seldom seen at the popular bistros or parties. They've rented a house and say they like to stay home and "sit by the

fire." They had to learn to ice skate for their new roles, took lessons at a local rink and Joanne, the deep South gal who'd never tried before, was a better pupil than Paul who had skated a bit in his youth. "Beginner's luck," she declares.

**M.M. SURPRISE**—Marilyn Monroe surprised everybody—in fact, it was an object of brisk betting—when she arrived at her party to introduce Yves Montand to the press only ten minutes late! She usually appears anywhere from one to two hours after the appointed time. Maybe it's the good influence of playwright-husband Arthur Miller who's here with her for "the duration" of "Let's Make Love" in which she and French star Yves are co-starred. Another party surprise: Marilyn wore an off-white gown which was not cut too low!

**BATTLING**—Kathy Nolan and boy friend Bob "Laramie" Fuller have been having party fights. He says she's trying to "tie him down" and he's not about to be, Kathy! . . . Troy Donahue and Nan Morris, who have been dating off-and-on for nearly three years, are in the off-again stage and Troy has been beaving young Sandra Edwards and Diane McBain. But Diane's also been seeing Jimmy Boyd.

**LOVE LINES**—Arlene Howell and husband Paul La Cava, a young business executive, expect their first baby in June. Arlene's so happy, even though she'll have to be written out of some "Bourbon Street Beat" shows. . . . Gardner McKay still dates Greta Chi but his Big Interest at the moment is Pasadena society girl Kay Newell. **END**

to add to his learning. When he once played George Washington in the play, "Valley Forge", he did such intensive research he became an authority on the first president. He learned much about British history when he did Henry VIII in "Anne Of A Thousand Days". And when he played Gauguin he read everything about the painter and even came into possession of two rare letters written by him.

Ray is also quite an avid collector of paintings—and he intends to start his own gallery in a year or so. He is forever on the lookout for new artists and their works.

Once, when he was in a gallery in New Orleans he saw a picture he especially liked, one by a renowned painter which had belonged to a friend of his. He asked the manager if he could buy it but was told he couldn't.

"Then why do you have it here on display?" Ray asked.

He was told that it had been part of a collection owned by a prominent local personality. The man had been in a serious accident and thought he was going to die, so he decided to sell his paintings to his friends at very nominal figures—he sort of willed them away. Ray continued to ask to buy the picture so finally the manager said, "All right—I'll give it to you for what I paid for it—\$500."

The picture has since been appraised for \$28,000.

Ray also collects antiques and he was especially enthusiastic about a rare piece called a petrin which, to the uninitiated, means a dough trough.

"It's shaped like a casket on a stand," he said. "And it's about 200 years old. In the old days bread was made on it and then placed inside to rise. You can guess what I plan to do with it."

He is going to make bread in it himself, of course!

Ray is quite a cook and although he has help, he prepares all the meals at his home. Recently, he bought a restaurant-like stove with two ovens, eight burners, and a grill. As he said enthusiastically, "I can make 50 loaves of bread in it."

This is a man who never finds life dull. A man who has never lost his perspective, whose integrity cannot be questioned. It is because he is the kind of honest, unpretentious individual he is that his performance as Perry Mason has become a favorite of so many people. It's easy to understand why his fans write to him as though he were a friend. That's how he looks on them.

It was close to midnight when Ray finished his work that night. He was tired, so much so that he spoke haltingly, as though he couldn't think, but there was still that tremendous drive and that wonderful sense of humor.

"Got to take a nap now," he said airily. "Three o'clock in the morning does come early, you know."

No wonder Hollywood shakes its head and continues to ask, "How does he do it?" No one, not even Ray Burr, has the answer to that one. **END**

## The Amazing Mr. Burr

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length play, "The Happiest Millionaire", for a two-night run as a benefit for a needy parochial school. He recruited Barbara Hale, Bill Talman, and Barbara's husband, Bill Williams, as cast members. They worked on "Perry Mason" during the day and rehearsed the play at night. It was an exhausting set-up, especially for Ray who only had three days to learn one of the longest parts ever written for an actor. It didn't matter that he was terribly fatigued—all that counted was that \$17,000 was raised for the nuns in those two nights—of which there was a net of \$11,000 after production expenses were paid. The actors got nothing—except satisfaction—for their efforts.

So why does Ray work so hard?

He answers with a grin, "Because I'm three-fourths idiot."

Ray simply loves acting and he wants to do a good job. He is especially firm about the quality of "Perry Mason".

"It's been said that I own part of the show," Ray remarked. "This is decidedly not true. Each year I work harder on it, though, than I did the preceding year. It's not that I'm overwhelmed with the greatness of the program because I do feel I could do it better. And I hope that the people who have the power to make it better don't forget that. I've never shown any temperament on the show but if I ever see anyone letting down on the quality, believe me, I'll be heard from then! And I want you to quote that!" he said firmly.

Acting isn't his only interest. He has an inveterate thirst for knowledge and he feels his role as an actor has done much



# Along Came Jones!

continued from page 33

without his works, Aaron had despaired of earning his living that way. Carolyn restored his birthright as a writer.

Until Jones came along, he wasn't even too sure about his manhood. His unsettling first experience in marriage certainly didn't help. On top of that, a good puff of wind would whiff him off to Bagdad. As the writer and producer of the highly-touted new CBS-TV series, "Johnny Ringo", Aaron has emerged a Hollywood heavyweight. But physically he's a featherweight. He still has the appearance of a college boy roaming around Hollywood between classes. He is a soft-spoken, crew-cut wisp of a man who looks like an upended broomstick in Brooks Brothers clothing. On his sparse frame is mounted a twinkling-eyed owl face from which he radiates warmth, wit, wisdom and well-being. To hear him tell it—and he tells it eagerly and well—it was not always thus.

"Carolyn is a woman who makes a man feel masculine," he enthuses. "Even if he weighs only 118 pounds, like me. I think this is the greatest gift a woman can have. It must be a gift. Carolyn has the gift of making you feel like the most masculine man in the world."

To feel masculine, a man has to feel loved. To feel loved, he has to feel cared about. She cared about him as much when they didn't know where their next meal was coming from as she does now when they don't know where their next near-million is coming from. She not only cares about everything Aaron does; she is *part* of everything Aaron does. There are no separate compartments in their lives—not her acting nor Aaron's writing and producing. Aaron prides himself upon the extent to which he has leaned on Carolyn in bringing "Johnny Ringo" to life. When I asked if she influenced him in his work, he shrugged:

"Not any more than God does!"

In his college days, Spelling was a self-contained dynamo. Along came Jones, and that was changed. Now he glories in sharing every experience with her.

"I wouldn't pick a tie without asking Carolyn," he declares happily. "We've had the strongest relationship. By the same token, Carolyn wouldn't think of doing a picture or reading a script without me. She held up rushes on 'Guns Of The Timberland' for five minutes at Warners because she wouldn't let them start until I got there. That's unheard of!"

Carolyn was out of town when Warners wanted her for the feminine lead in "Ice Palace". The studio got hold of Spelling and asked if he could get the script to her. He did better than that. He called her long distance, and for an hour and a half read passages to her over the phone.

"I think we ought to do it," Carolyn said at last. "Don't you?"

"Yes," Aaron grinned. "I already told them you would."

If Carolyn doesn't influence Aaron any more than God, the same may be said of his influence on her. Aaron practically bludgeoned her into playing the existentialist in "Bachelor Party"—and she emerged an Oscar-nominated star.

"I think you have to love someone very much to know what's right for them," Aaron points out. "When Carolyn didn't want to do 'Bachelor Party' that was our first fight. I thought she'd just explode in it, and she did. I made her do it."

He and Caroline have taken the yawns out of togetherness.

"It's so much fun that way," Aaron insists. "If I go on location, she goes. If I can't go, she won't do the picture, and vice versa."

Their togetherness is not a moral pose. It was forged in the early years of their marriage. There was no middle ground. Having each other had to be enough or too little. There was nothing else. The erstwhile college playwright was an intimidated writer, a sometimes drama coach and director, and a starving bit actor.

Along came Jones—and they starved together. It was better that way.

"Our wedding party," Spelling chuckles, "was the worst of all. Our only friends were other starving actors. Eight people, including Paul Richards and his wife, were at the ceremony. We went to Paul's bachelor apartment, where our wedding gift was a bottle of champagne. All ten of us drank up the wedding present, and then we went home—to our own bachelor apartment."

**A**ARON no sooner carried his bride across the threshold than he got a long distance call telling him that his father was dying. The honeymoon was interrupted by a frantic effort to scrape up plane fare to get Aaron to his father's bedside.

"We didn't have a nickel," he recalls. "We had no car. Paul Richards loaned us \$25. Carolyn's agent loaned us \$25. Carolyn was about to leave on a personal appearance tour for 'House Of Wax', and she got Warners to advance her \$200 expense money. So I went. My father recovered, and everything ended happily."

Fortunately, hard times were not a sudden post-marriage shock. Aaron and Carolyn were bloody broke, but unbowed throughout their spartan courtship.

"When I met Carolyn," he smiles, "I was directing a show for Preston Sturges for \$100 a month—'Live Wire' it was called. Carolyn was working backstage at the Players Ring for nothing. Her father was dead, and her mother was in Hollywood working and raising Carolyn and her kid sister. When we got married, I got me a big job. I taught at Ben Bard's for \$150 a month. Carolyn's mother took ill and went home to Texas. On \$150 a month we were married and also raising Carolyn's sister, Bette."



**AARON** never stops marveling over Carolyn. "The depth of this girl is unbelievable."

Once Jones came along, the bitterness began to drain out of Aaron Spelling. He looks back on those lean days with affectionate amusement rather than rancor.

"We used to go to Rand's Round-Up where you eat all you want for \$1.50," he laughs appreciatively. "We would save up for it. I remember when \$1.50 was the whole world. Carolyn still has a hangover from those days. She still gathers up all our loose change and rolls the coins in nickle, dime, penny and quarter wrappers. She does it even when she's dead tired. She can have a five o'clock call, and she'll be wrapping her pennies. We used to save all our change. We figured that once we got below a half-dollar our money was all gone anyway."

Aaron and Carolyn warm themselves with remembrances of their poverty. It sharpens their appreciation of their present good fortune. For Aaron, it underscores his esteem for the girl he married.

"Once we had a car and we couldn't keep up the payments of \$36 a month," he adds to their saga. "Paul Richards needed a car to get to the studio, so he used it and made the payments. Those hard times were the best thing that ever happened to us. Every little thing we get now we realize we're very lucky."

Aaron Spelling would be hard put to pick the greatest benefaction bestowed by Carolyn Jones. Certainly not the least is the fact that today he is one of Hollywood's most successful and prolific writers. When he was fresh out of college, and already stale with failure, he was defeated as a writer.

Along came Jones, and she changed all that, too. One day Carolyn read the two award-winning plays Aaron had written at SMU, and she put a slamming halt to his career as a bit actor grubbing grocery money by playing dirty, ancient Arabs in burlap sacks, crying, "Alms for the love of Allah."

"I don't want you to act again," Carolyn was outraged at the shocking waste of talent. "Genius like yours should not be



forced to traffic in fertilizer as a bit player. You have to write. This is where your future is going to be. That's what you were put here for."

Carolyn did not express an idle conviction for she put her deeds where her mouth was.

"Carolyn took bit parts herself so I could stay home and write," Aaron shakes his head, still incredulous at the way she backed faith with sacrifice. "At restaurants she picked up every check during the time we were engaged to the time we were married, and most of the time after that. Never in the most fierce argument we've ever had has she said, 'I paid for this' or 'I did this.' She may not be perfect. There may be some things wrong with her, but not as far as I'm concerned."

That is not a surprising bias. Carolyn was doing fairly well in television, although by no means had she attained stardom, when she had an opportunity to be represented by the powerful William Morris Agency.

"I wouldn't think of signing with you unless you also handled my husband," she slapped them with an ultimatum. "He just happens to be one of the finest young writers in Hollywood."

Aaron still is overwhelmed by the enormity of the gesture.

"I don't know if you realize what a gamble she took," he says. "MCA had turned her down, and she tells William Morris they must take her husband! They believed her because Carolyn herself believed so much in me. The next day Stan Kamin, of the William Morris Agency, called me and said, 'Have you ever written a Western? I think we could sell it for you.'"

Aaron, of course, didn't want to let Carolyn down.

"I went home that night and wrote a Western," he says simply. "I'd never written a Western in my life. All the movies I'd ever seen about the West looked awfully dry to me, so I wrote a Western called 'A Crying Need For Water'. It was the first thing I ever sold! A week later I was introduced to a guy named Dick Powell. I found myself writing Westerns for Zane Grey Theater, and there it was."

There is no doubt in Spelling's mind about the full size of Carolyn's contribution to his present dazzling eminence as a Hollywood screen writer.

"I don't think I'd ever have written anything without Carolyn," he agrees without the slightest prodding.

Aaron still was teaching for Ben Bard at \$150 a month when Carolyn began getting parts at Revue Productions, and earned \$250 about once every two months.

"What would it take to make you feel secure?" Carolyn asked one night.

"If we only had \$500 in the bank," he sighed deeply.

They managed to save \$360. Meanwhile, Spelling had a terrifying premonition that he never would see his parents again. He wanted desperately to fly to Dallas to

visit them, but he didn't have the money. He tried, unavailingly, to put the disturbing fear out of his mind. Then one day Carolyn asked Aaron would he mind driving her to the airport.

"I've got a friend coming in from Milwaukee," she explained.

"When I got there," Spelling has to struggle to keep the mist out of his eyes when he tells it, "there was no friend from Milwaukee. My folks came off the plane! Carolyn had sent them two tickets she bought with the \$360 we had saved!"

Aaron says he had no idea what compassion meant until Jones came along. He recounts another story about the time, recently, when she got a letter from a woman in Winnetka, Illinois, asking her to send an autographed picture to her ailing 19-year-old daughter, who was unaware that she was dying of cancer. The girl felt they had so much in common because her name, too, was Carolyn Jones.

"Carolyn just broke up," Aaron relates. "She went to great pains to get the girl's phone number, and talked to her for 45 minutes. In the course of conversation, the girl said she hoped some day to hear Carolyn sing. The next day Carolyn rented a studio. Don Durant, the star of 'Johnny Ringo', accompanied her on the guitar."

She dubbed a record singing 'Black Is The Color Of My True Love's Hair' and sent it to the girl."

Aaron Spelling is witty and urbane. But when he speaks about his wife, he is overcome with emotion.

"Maybe this is too intimate for you to use," he says softly, "but we go to bed at night, turn out the lights as people do, and we talk. Like last night, Carolyn said, 'How can people who love each other leave each other? They have so many memories. Everything they see they're going to be reminded. Suppose the girl is with another man, and they pass a dog on the street, and he says, 'Look at that little poochie. Wouldn't you be reminded?' You see, one of Carolyn's nicknames for me is Poochie."

He never ceases to marvel over his wife.

"The depth of this girl is unbelievable," he attests. "Most people think she's flip. She cries at *jai lai* games!"

Carolyn inspires him to endless wonders.

"You pick the right subject when you ask me to talk about her," Aaron Spelling smiles. "I could go on forever. The trouble is—how are you going to stop me?"

Once upon a time in Hollywood there was a saddened, embittered young man. Then along came Jones. **END**

## "If I Were Married"

*continued from page 51*

Anyway, the experience did not discourage me from sitting with Sergei again.

This time he substituted a Roman Warrior's shield for Zorro's sword. Unfortunately, there weren't any in the house. He promptly rectified that.

It was about 6:00 at night when the first telephone call came through. One of the neighbors complained that the lid of her garbage can was missing.

"So what can I do about it?" I asked.

There was a moment's silence before she said, "My husband saw Sergei take it."

"Sergei!" I cried out. "What would he do with a lid?"

"I don't know," she said. "But you'd better check."

No sooner had I hung up when another neighbor called. Her report was identical, and so were two more reports before I left the receiver off the hook to check with my nephew. I finally located him in the basement. Sure enough, there he was playing the "Great Warrior" with not just one lid of a garbage can, but 20! I was so mad I gave him a spanking.

So what did he do? Instead of crying, he looked at me with his great big eyes and whispered, "Are you happy now, Aunt Sandra?"

I don't know where he learned it, but it was too much for me. I burst out laughing, and he joined in. Yet, when his mother asked me to baby sit a third time, I readily agreed. In fact, I've been babysitting for a lot of friends in Los Angeles.

As a good daughter-in-law, I would do all I could for my husband's family, just as I would expect him to do his best for my mother.

I would make a point of asking his mother for advice on what he likes to eat; she might also be able to brief me on some of his other likes and dislikes, which would make it easier for our marriage.

If I were married, I'm afraid I would be ghastly with a budget. My husband would simply have to take it over himself, or do what I am doing right now—get a business manager to handle the money for us. It would really be one of the major problems in our marriage.

Several times I have tried to live on a certain amount. It never worked. Once, when my business manager insisted he would quit if I didn't listen to him, I let him go. It was not very smart and now we have a manager again.

To be honest, I think I inherited this tendency from my mother.

While my mother was out one day, I spilled some fruit juice on the bedroom carpet. It made me feel so bad that I wanted to make up for it somehow. So I went to a Beverly Hills store to buy her a little something. The little something turned out to be a string of pearls.

Or take the time we first came to Hollywood, when I wanted a car so badly. I was too young to drive. Mom didn't have a license, either.

*continued on page 66*



## "IF I WERE MARRIED"

continued

One day we passed a car agency and saw a beautiful convertible. "Let's buy it," I suggested.

Mom looked doubtful, "We shouldn't."

"I know we shouldn't," I agreed.

She couldn't suppress a smile. "Okay," she said, "Let's". And so we bought it.

That sort of thing could ruin a marriage. At least my husband could always be sure of one thing—that I will try to look well at all times.

I feel it terribly important for a girl to always be attractive to her husband. If she isn't, it could be the end of a happy marriage. And the one thing I'd want more than anything else, if I were married, is to make my husband happy. **END**

## Papa Tony

continued from page 27

with all that wonderful aliveness he has.

It's only natural that anyone capable of such love would be subject to great anxiety. If Tony has to be away from home any longer than two weeks, he insists that the family come along. But no matter how briefly he is gone, he worries. No matter what he's doing, no matter what else is on his mind, he has to call the house at least four or five times a day to make sure personally that everything is all right.

I couldn't join him until a week later, so when he went to Florida on location for "Operation Petticoat", he had to leave by himself. I knew where he was every mile en route. I kept getting collect calls from every whistle stop between Los Angeles and Miami.

"How is everything?" he would ask. He was particularly concerned because Kelly had caught cold. "Is she better? Is she all right? How is Jamie? Are you all right? You're not too tired or nervous, are you? That's fine. That's wonderful. I love you. I love you all."

Some of our friends wonder why I don't make a big joke of Tony's worry streak. I couldn't. I wouldn't. It's too real with him. I reassure him. Then he's fine.

He's certainly one of the most caring fathers I've seen around. One thing I don't have to worry about is Tony not wanting to spend time with the children. There's nothing he loves better. He can't wait to get home to be with them. He drops his things in his room. He says hello to me, and kisses me, and he's off to find the kids.

Tony is so much at ease with them. So many men seem lost with children. Most men don't know what to do with them. Not Tony. Tony is not inhibited by children. He always has had such a wonderful way with them. This goes for any children, not only his own. They all love him.

Part of it may be due to the fact that Tony was 15 when his brother, Bobby, was born, and he helped take care of him. When Kelly was an infant, Tony was better with her than I was. I've never had any brothers or sisters or cousins. I never was around newborn children. It didn't take me long to learn, of course, but it sure was a comfort to have a husband who knew his way

around a diaper, and who wasn't afraid to hold a baby in his arms.

Nothing involving the children is a chore to Tony. When Jamie was born, his biggest treat was to change her, burp her, hold her and give her a bath. He adores playing with Jamie, and vice versa. Her big blue eyes go wider and wider, and she's overcome with delight every time she sees her daddy. He throws her up in the air, goes ga-ga with her, and all that kind of stuff.

But not to hear Tony tell it. He says the trouble with the rest of us is that we just don't understand Jamie's language. He talks with her practically by the hour. He spouts his frightening gibberish at her, and she comes right back. They carry on the most incredible discussions that way.

Tony is such an imaginative, active and fun-loving father. Everything he does with the children is spontaneous and fresh. He plays a running game with Kelly in which he spins tales of a girl named Alice, who in reality is Kelly. Alice goes on imaginary trips all over the world. Tony tells about all the animals to be found in each country, and Kelly listens, entranced, or chimes in with observations from her own experiences when she was in Europe with us.

Tony razzle-dazzles her with card tricks, and makes her guess which hand the penny

is in. Last night, he was in the kitchen baking cakes, and he made a game out of that, too. He used one of those squeeze things—oh, you know, one of those tubes of whipped cream or icing—and he drew all sorts of things on top of the cake for Kelly's edification. She called for a flower, and he drew a flower. Then because we have mushrooms outside the house, he drew mushrooms.

He makes everything fun. Kelly's getting to be quite a swimmer, and Tony thinks up so many ways to help her overcome a child's natural fear of going underwater. He throws her in the air in Superman games in which she is Superlady. They hunt for their hands underwater. To quote a Hollywood cliché, they have a ball!

Of course it's important that the children realize he is a parent, not a playmate. Tony recognizes this, so he gladly takes a hand in mundane things as well. He hears Kelly's bedtime prayers, sees to it that she washes her face and hands, that she brushes her teeth, and he often bathes her. Yet even when he directs Kelly through these chores, it usually winds up with sounds of quaking laughter.

Kelly knows there are certain things she must do. She knows she can't do or have everything she wants, and that she has to obey. Most important of all, however, she knows how much Tony and I love her. We are just as quick to praise as reprove her. Tony and I are thrilled with her sense of security. A few nights ago, to illustrate, Kelly did something very sweet.

"That was a very good girl, Kelly," I complimented her.

"Oh," she agreed matter-of-factly, "I'm a very nice person."

Tony was so broken up that he had to run out of the room.

His rapport with the children is beautiful to behold. Kelly thinks of Tony constantly. If she does something well during the day, she says, "Will Daddy be pleased?" Toward evening she says, "Has Daddy come home yet? Is he still at work? Is he bringing home the bacon, Mommy? Is he bringing me home a little money too?"

No one needs to tell Tony how priceless the children are. So often we'll be talking about them, and he'll say:

"I knew I loved you before, Janet. We had a wonderful life before the children came. Now with them, I just can't imagine our life before, and I love you more than ever. It's so much better now with the children. Sometimes I wonder how we could have been satisfied before."

I wouldn't know how to rate a father, I suppose. I wouldn't know how to compare one father with other fathers. All I know is that I like the kind of father my husband is. On my report card I'd have to grade Tony Curtis as excellent.

I can only offer amen to what Kelly says, and to what I know Jamie in her baby way tries to say:

"I love you, Daddy."

**END**



SO MANY men seem lost with children but not Tony. He has a grand way with them.



# Chasing The Blues Away

*continued from page 41*

care how well-adjusted and out-going a person is, you can't like everyone and not everyone is going to like you. You're bound to find you are more comfortable with some people than with others."

Connie has learned to find those potential friends by being approachable. "For me, this wasn't easy. I had plenty of friends in my home town, but out on tour I felt I had to be stand-offish with strangers. It is too easy to get talked about. People are quick to call a girl singer a tramp. Usually my mother was with me, and I automatically turned down any invitation which did not include her."

For an entertainer, there's always a let-down after a show. When the evening holds nothing more than the prospect of going back to the hotel and having dinner alone, the blues can hit.

They hit Connie near the end of her first Honolulu engagement. "After my performance I started to take off my make-up. Instead, I found myself simply staring into the mirror and thinking, 'So this is glamour. So this is show business. Back home, girls I know are out on dates with boys they like. They're laughing. They're having fun. I'm all alone.'"

There was a knock on her dressing-room door. A Hollywood actor who was in the troupe stuck his head in and asked, "How's about having dinner with me tonight, Connie?"

Automatically, Connie replied, "Thank you, but I just couldn't." Her tears weren't very far from the surface.

Instead of leaving, he stepped in and closed the door. "He really read me a lecture," Connie recalls. "He reminded me that we had worked together for a week and I should have some idea of what kind of person he was. He reminded me, too, that all men weren't wolves and that it was time that I learned to trust my own judgment. He said that if I insisted on building a wall around myself, not many people were going to take the trouble to try to get past it."

Connie sums it up. "We went out to dinner; he took me swimming the next day, and I had a wonderful time during the rest of my stay. If he's East, or I'm on the Coast, we still see each other. We're friends. He made me see that if you want friends you have to be approachable."

Many girls, Connie feels, block the way to friendship by being too quick to want to go steady. "A girl can spend all her time with one boy, and, if there's a break-up, she's all alone again. It's fun to have boy *friends*."

She cites her own friendship with Frankie Avalon and Neil Sedaka. "We're all too busy and too ambitious right now to get serious. But they entertain me at their homes and they visit mine. We sit around the piano and sing together and it's the greatest."

Connie has her own version of that old

adage, "To have a friend is to be one." She says, "As well as being approachable, you have to pay attention to others. I've learned that people like to hear from me, even if I have nothing more to say than hello. Now, wherever I am, I keep that phone busy."

Another of Connie's bits of wisdom has to do with having faith that your friends will think about you. She learned it, she says, "on what started out to be the loneliest birthday of my life."

Connie had planned that her 20th birthday was to be a big, beautiful milestone. "I wanted to be home and have a party with a birthday cake and presents and all the trimmings."

Accordingly, she asked her manager, George Scheck, to accept no bookings for that week. She yielded when the owner of Holiday Inn, near Pittsburgh, marked the upswing of her first popularity by offering her the highest fee that she had yet been quoted.

December 12 came and so did loneliness. Connie says, "My mother was with me and Mr. Scheck was, too. I knew they would do something about my birthday, but it couldn't be the celebration I had wanted. I was so unhappy I wondered how I could ever finish that second show!"

Engrossed in her own woe, she failed to notice that her mother, her manager and the club owners were as smug as a trio of canary-eating cats. "I came off-stage and they didn't even let me get to the dressing-room. They took me around to a private dining room and threw open the doors. There was a cake, blazing with candles. And every entertainer then playing Pittsburgh was there. I had been the adoring fan for some of them, and I had thought they didn't even know I existed. Talk about a party! There couldn't have

been a happier way for me to bow out of my teens and feel that I had become a grown-up entertainer."

This year, 800 students at the LaSalle High School in Philadelphia helped Connie celebrate her birthday. "I was playing Sciolla's club in Philadelphia. My dressing-room was filled with flowers and I had four cakes. My father and brother drove in. Frankie Avalon's family came to see me. Between shows, I went out to the high school. I expected to sing to the kids, but when they sang Happy Birthday to me, that was the real thrill. Again, I knew my friends had wanted to make me happy on my birthday."

What Connie believes personally communicates publicly. She made a critical test of it during a recent show when she had to enter a crowded auditorium by the front door and walk down a long aisle to reach the stage.

As soon as she stepped from the car, five policemen, chosen for their bulk and brawn, rushed to her side. Connie waved them away. A sergeant protested, "You can't do that. Those kids will tear you to pieces." Connie gave the cops a lesson in crowd psychology. "Of course they will if you gang up on me first. Did you ever see a kid who didn't try to break through a line?"

She took the arm of a public relations man and sailed up the aisle, calling hello to the crowd as she went along. The kids kept their places. Even the girls yelled, "Hi, Connie", and that's so unusual. The girls in most audiences haven't been very enthusiastic about girl singers. They're critical. They can tell when you're putting on airs and when you're being just yourself."

"Be yourself," sums up Connie's philosophy about friendliness. "You don't have to scrabble around, over-eager, but you can't put yourself on a pedestal, either. Hit a happy medium and you'll have all the true friends that you want." **END**

## Coming Attractions

*continued from page 9*

export to America as a bond servant. This plot, too, is foiled when a storm at sea produces rebel Peter Finch who helps James escape. But ashore, the lad is again faced with premature death when he's accused of assassinating a king's agent. By the time James and Finch are finished with these various Technicolored hazards it is a far more mature and battered heir who finally moves in as new lord of the house of Shaws. Marvelous adventures cloaked in much atmosphere set in bleak Scottish countryside. (Buena Vista.)

### Guns Of The Timberland

**A**LL things considered, there's a darn sight more to being a lumberjack than breathing in fresh air and chopping

down trees. Alan Ladd and partner Gilbert Roland find that opposition from the cattlemen and Jeanne Crain can be rather formidable. Afraid their water supply will be contaminated, Jeanne and henchman Lyle Bettger block the one road to prevent Ladd from getting logs to the mill. To retaliate, Roland, obviously not a smidgin as dependable as Ladd, does all sorts of nasty things. He almost kills a young orphan boy, Frankie Avalon, who follows Alan Ladd around like an eager puppy dog, before he's consumed by his own greed. In addition to a crackling good forest fire, Frankie, looking all of 13 or 14 in various tones of Technicolor, sings a couple of songs which should make this a big one for the Saturday matinee crowd. (Warner Bros.) **END**



# "I'll Lead My Own Life"

continued from page 21

to disprove her highly exaggerated beatnik publicity or to explain that for a brief spell a long time ago, she had explored, but never had embraced, the beat world.

She even turned aside my personal affirmation that she was not one to parade in the funereal garb of the beat generation—black sweater, black stockings and black capri pants.

"You're too well-groomed," I paid her a deserved compliment. "Everything is in just the right place. Your hair is on top of your head!"

"Today!" she exclaimed mirthfully.

"Anyhow," I persisted in her defense, "I've never seen you dress as a beatnik."

But with her girlish mischievousness—so often mistaken for brazenness—she declined my kind offer of a whitewash.

"Occasionally I do!" she protested in mock indignation. "Now wait a minute there! What are you saying? Lies! Lies! All lies!"

"Well, at least you don't go to beat dives," I said. But again, in a renewed outburst of deviltry, she passed up the opportunity for absolution.

"Oh I don't know," she grinned. "I do once in a while. I have to keep the publicity going, you know. I can't drop the whole thing. After all, they make it sound so interesting. I have to see what this is about now."

Tuesday had no intention of depriving her would-be tormentors of their pleasures, let alone begging mercy. She was sublimely content to let them believe what they wished. She argued only one minor point in her defense—that whatever madness might be attributed to her, there was at least some method to that madness.

"There's always a reason for what I do—if I really did it," she chided. "It might be a lurid reason, but you can be sure there's a reason."

Many of her friends were greatly upset about the tongue-lashing administered recently in a nationally syndicated gossip column. They were up in arms in Tuesday's behalf because she had been called a bad example to other teenagers. They all wanted blood or retraction. But not Tuesday. She refused to get caught up in a whirlpool of righteous indignation.

"I don't do a darn thing," she sighed a little wearily. "All I do is sit. I don't even read the papers. All these people go storming around about what's been said. I don't even know this columnist. All of a sudden she started on this hatred kick and kept it going for about three months. Then she stopped."

Nor was Tuesday even willing to take umbrage at stories of her allegedly temperamental behavior on the set of "The Many Loves Of Dobie Gillis". Instead of giving the lie to the rumors whizzing around the town's ice cream parlors, Tuesday was the first to admit that she was indeed capable of temperament—and she

was not contrite about the fact, either.

Most people accused of less than saintly conduct invariably fall back on their defenses and cry, "Who me?" Not so our forthright Tuesday. No such injured innocence was forthcoming from her. She agreed in a flash that all anyone has to do to bait her is to be a bore or a cold fish.

"You're darn tootin' I get ornery, impatient and snappy when I'm disappointed in people," she said. Her tone implied there was no other way to act. She felt no more remorse about blowing up under provocation of asininity than she would at bleeding if she were cut. She regarded both as simple cases of cause and effect.

However, Tuesday did ridicule the proposition that her willingness to blow her pretty cork on occasion meant that she was anti-people or even that she was anti-social.

"It's not that I don't like people," she smiled warmly. "It's just that I wish there were more people to like. When people give me a bad time or talk behind my back, I can't really say I dislike them. I can't say I hate them. That's much too good to spend on generalizations. You save your hate for something juicy. I'm just mainly indifferent about people who don't inspire or stimulate me."



"THERE is always a reason for what I do—if I really did it," laughs Tuesday gaily.

Basically, Tuesday's flashes of petulance well might stem from her annoyance at her own basic shyness.

"One of my biggest battles—or fears—is trying to relate and open up to someone who is obviously very shy," she said earnestly. "I'm very shy. People who are shy make me twice as shy. I don't know what to say. I clam up. I feel rather inadequate. It's odd. Gregarious people bring me out of myself. Yet I can't bring other people out of themselves. It shouldn't be that way."

Meanwhile, what frequently is normal and uncontrived for Tuesday seems like a shocking escapade to others. One reason may be that she lacks the usual fear-ridden approach to Hollywood and stardom. She balks at tribal mumbo-jumbo on the set just as much as she refuses to submit blindly to arbitrary social rituals. For a girl of a mere 16 summers she has developed a very low tolerance for sham—in herself as well as in others. This is an attitude that was certain to bring her into disfavor with self-righteous and self-constituted morality monitors—and indeed it has.

"People seem to expect you to play games all the time," Tuesday explained as she carved her succulent cut of New York steak. "To me that's living a lie. You know what I mean—they'll like me better if I do this or that and don't do this. What's the use of pretending you're something you're not—for a boy friend or for anyone else? I don't like games, that's all. Tell the truth about things and feelings. That's what I happen to believe in."

Tuesday's fork dangled mid-air as she developed the contention. Her manner underlined the very point she was making. She wasn't talking for effect. The words tumbled out—and she didn't stop to screen them, to decide whether her thoughts would meet standards of safety and conformity before expressing them.

In my many contacts with Tuesday I never have found her sullen, unreasonable, affected, uncivil—or dull. Yet she did not choose to challenge the grumblings—among those who do not find her sufficiently subservient—that she can be a very moody young doll.

"How could I try to pass myself off as an actress if I were otherwise?" she wanted to know.

Even so, Tuesday was forced to admit, sheepishly, that she does try not to inflict her darker moods on innocent bystanders.

"I save my brooding," she smiled, owning up unabashedly to a mid-Victorian conviction that one should show consideration for the feelings of others even if it hurts. "I cover it up. Then I'm twice as moody when I get alone, or something like that. Of course, there's a point where moodiness is inescapable. I think it's all right to be in any mood as long as you're not hurting anyone. If you feel like standing on your head, then by all means stand on your head."

A second later she blurted out an impulsive disclaimer of nobility.



"If I could only practice what I preach!" she sighed.

Frequently an effort to come to honest terms with a situation is interpreted as temperament. It is not unusual for Tuesday, with her predilection for living life as it presents itself; to be caught in the cross-currents of such opposite views. There have, for instance, been some rumblings of late that her abbreviated telephone conversations are the actions of a spoiled brat. Tuesday wasn't the least bit defensive about it.

"I have to take some time out to be alone," was her simple explanation. "I never answer the phone anymore because I've been so busy that I've just got to make time for myself to do things I want to do. Why waste time talking to someone on the phone for a half-hour and saying nothing? You know, it's gotten to the point where it takes about 15 minutes just to say hello!"

She proceeded with a mirthful rundown of the platitudes that are trotted out in typical time consuming telephone chatter.

"Where have you been?" Tuesday recited sardonically. "Where did you go last night? What were you wearing? What was she wearing?" Then they go into who they've seen lately, and who I've seen lately. Suddenly an hour has gone, and the conversation ends with, "Well I'm working all this month. I'll see you next month." The phone should be used when

you only have something definite to say."

Tuesday obliged with a blunt social case in point.

"If someone calls me and asks if I'd like to go with them to an elegant party that night, and I don't feel up to it, I just say plain no and goodbye," she said without compunction. "I used to make a lot of excuses. Thank you. It was so nice of you, and so on. Look at all that good time gone!"

She paused and broke into a smile.

"You've begun to know my big bug this year," she grinned.

Tuesday has taken the serene position that it is for others to judge her actions if they must, and for her to know if any of the legends about her have any truth to them. But entirely aside from whether censure is merited or not, she did provide dramatic insight into her behavior when she blandly confided that she was no stranger to a thing called loneliness.

"I think the main sickness that everyone has is loneliness," she ventured her diagnosis with the certainty of a doctor prescribing for the common cold. "But loneliness is interpreted as meaning many different things. Like being moody. Like being an extrovert. Any and all of those things come from loneliness. I think that loneliness is the greatest torture a human can have."

It is no wonder that with such perception even her admirers might express as-

tonishment that Tuesday is 16 years old.

"Rejection, insecurity, it all stems from loneliness," she spoke as if quietly relieving old pains. "If you're not insecure it means someone has made you secure, and something has happened that you shouldn't be lonely."

Her face fell reflective as she pondered for a moment, and then she continued.

"When I feel lonely," she said softly, "I suffer. I walk and I think or I toss in bed. No, I don't call anyone. Not when I'm really, really lonely. I don't. When you're just surfacy lonely you can call up someone and it's over. When you're deeply lonely you can't be satisfied by calling up a person because it decreases in value."

Tuesday did not discuss her loneliness to mollify her critics, however. She was not even convinced that anyone needed to be mollified—any more than she was convinced that she was being maligned.

"I can't really argue the point too much," Tuesday insisted. "I don't understand what's to be misunderstood yet. Maybe if I understood that, I could say that they misunderstand me. I just don't understand the basic thing yet."

Is it true what they say about Tuesday Weld? There would seem to be four verifiable facts about this 16-year-old individualist—that she is complex, that she is enchanting, that she is worthwhile, and that she is genuine. For most people, that will be sufficient truth. **END**

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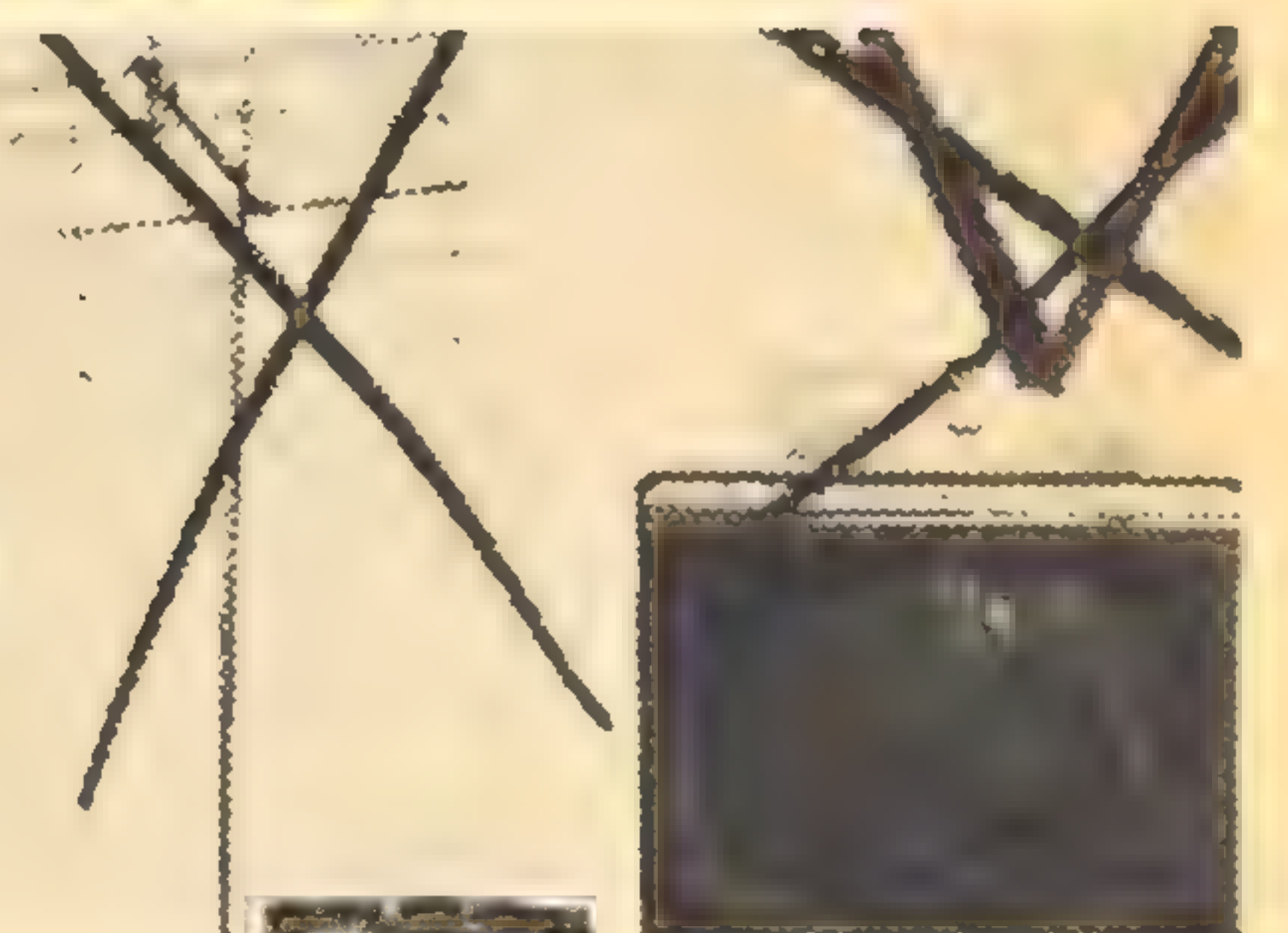
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# Hot Weather Guy

continued from page 36

The girls who clean up afterward? (You'd be surprised how enthusiastically they do it!) Sandra Dee is one and Mione Sabrilla is another . . . and Nan Morriss and two or three others who have nothing to do with pictures but whom Troy just happens to like and enjoy.

He takes these same girls on dates now and then but he is, as he puts it, "a touch moody about where and when I want to go." Sometimes he feels like the movies, sometimes a big, expensive place, then again the beach for clam chowder or an Italian restaurant "where I often meet friends of mine." He likes to experiment with out-of-the-way foreign restaurants.

These changes of moods keep the girls on their toes about clothes because Troy likes them to dress "appropriately." "If we're going to be formal," he says, "let's go all the way!"

"I get tired of girls in jeans and slacks and T-shirts and sweaters. It's nice to see a girl in a dress now and then. Those swirly bright-colored cotton things for day-times, or the really simple things for dinner . . . you know, black or blue with sleek lines. Or a real gone dress for a big party, but I don't like 'bouffants'.

"Sandra Dee," he went on, his face really lighting, "has been getting some wonderful clothes recently. I think she has been studying about them and she surely makes a man proud to take her out.

"But no pink," he says firmly. "I don't like pink or baby blue or any of those childish colors. I like white or black or red or even orange, so long as it is a positive, grown-up color.

"I don't," he added hastily, "want to set myself up as a fashion expert. I'm just saying what I like my girls to wear."

But he is a bit fussy about women's shoes. "It's awful," he avers, "if a girl turns up to go on a boat wearing teetery high heels. That can be downright dangerous. They sometimes wear the wrong shoes for golf, too, and even for dancing.

"But if she is neat and well-groomed and looks scrubbed . . . well, I can forgive her a lot of other things.

"I do," he added, thoughtfully, "like girls with long hair. I don't know why. It seems feminine, somehow."

HE IS fond of buying clothes for himself and admits that he is extravagant about them. He thinks he is most comfortable in casual things but he wants them to be good casuals, expensive maybe. And he likes lots of them.

Tweedy things in browns, rusts, reds and blues. He likes white, too. If he buys only a pair of corduroys to wear in his small garden, he wants them well-cut and hand-tailored. He always keeps several suits on hand, beautifully pressed and cared for.

Custom-made shirts and pajamas and hand-made shoes are important to him, too, add to his contentment.

But of course beach togs and sun bathing outfits are most important of all in his wardrobe . . . just to encourage that hot weather. This is no gag with Troy. It is almost a superstition, a real belief, that the good things come to him when it is hot and sunny. Naturally, he likes girls who enjoy the sunshine, too.

But don't think that Troy is so concerned with weather and material possessions that he isn't concerned about his career and his life and his future. There is probably not a more dedicated young actor in Hollywood and he means it. It is simply that Troy is a perfectionist in everything that touches his life, his work and how he lives, how he dresses and how his house is furnished.

He will be a perfectionist about marriage, too, when the time is ripe.

"I don't see why marriage should present any problems," he reflects. "I have a job like any other man and I expect to work at it from now on. I can see that two careers in one family might cause complications but they don't seem too serious to me. I know of some beautiful marriages here in Hollywood.

"My own father and mother, for that matter, had a beautiful marriage. I'd like to remember that and pattern my own marriage after theirs.

"The important thing, I think, is to remember to share *everything* . . . not just things but experiences, laughter, sadnesses, adventures. And you must never take anything too seriously! And I think it is a great mistake to compete with one another in anything . . . even, games."

It seemed almost an afterthought but it might have been a small warning to this hypothetical wife-to-be. He said,

"My worst fault, I think, is stubbornness, as I said before. But is it such a bad fault, after all? If I hadn't been a real stubborn guy I might not have gotten the breaks I have had, might not have had the job I have now. I do fight for what I want and what I feel I should have. So far it has paid off.

"And what do I want in a wife? What does any man want except understanding, cooperation, similar aims and tastes? I hope we shall enjoy the same kind of house, the same colors, the same views . . . but I am certainly prepared to compromise on those!"

Troy, as you can see, seems to have marriage on his mind. But there has been no indication, as this is written, of what girl he has in mind.

But one thing is sure. Once Troy makes up his mind, the girl may as well resign herself to a concentrated courtship. When Troy wants something he *wants* it and he is not to be denied easily.

Let's hope that she likes a big house and lots of rich colors and a great deal of sunshine . . . and, of course, hot weather! For luck and excitement. **END**



# The Boy Who Didn't Belong

continued from page 55

mean a thing, but I didn't know it then and I felt big. The mutual friend who introduced us said that Bobby wrote songs, too, and we went over to the friend's house to listen to them." The expansive hopefulness of that evening brings a smile now. Don says, "I thought Bobby's songs were the greatest and I got carried away. I said I was going to make him into the top star of the country. The truth was that I had no more idea of how to sell a song than he did."

Their first collaboration led only to deeper discouragement. "Bobby convinced himself that I was the one who was going to make it and at best, he'd only go along for the ride. He would vanish for days and the bunch of us who believed in him would have to hunt him up and start him writing again."

**T**HEIR first break was a contract to write singing commercials for a New Jersey radio station. "We got \$500, which was more money than either of us had seen up to that time. Hearing our stuff on the air gave us confidence. Bobby began to believe more in himself."

But Bobby's nerves showed. Playing the clown had always been his defense when he felt he was the outsider. Don says, "Before going to see a new publisher, I'd always say to him, 'Now Bobby, just take it easy. Everything will be all right.' But like as not, he'd jump on the piano and sing at the top of his voice. Some thought it was funny. Others threw us out. Bobby never would play it safe."

Two who gave him a sincere hearing were Connie Francis and her manager, George Scheck. Connie was just getting started as a recording artist, but she had long been a featured performer on Scheck's TV show, "Startime".

Recalling their meeting, Don says, "We went out to Connie's home in New Jersey to demonstrate a song we had written. I was with a group of other people when I noticed that Bobby and Connie were deep in a conversation of their own. I listened, and they weren't talking about music or the record business. They were talking psychology and philosophy. When Connie recorded our song, 'My First Real Love', it was important, even if the record wasn't a big hit."

There have been many charming little stories told about the Connie Francis-Bobby Darin association. Did Connie love Bobby? Did Bobby love Connie? There are those who say that for both, this was a strong attachment, but the questions are academic now, for both were very young and the romance turned to friendship before it got too serious. From it, however, both gained an understanding and a sharing of ambitions that neither had ever before experienced.

George Scheck got Bobby his first contract with Decca. They cut four records.

All were bombs. Some of the sting was taken out of the failure when LaVern Baker and Gene Vincent turned tunes written by Don and Bobby into hits.

Don observes, "Even then, Bobby wasn't happy. I realized that this guy would never be satisfied with just moderate success. He had to be a top star."

Bobby got that first hit with "Splish Splash" at Atco Records. He celebrated his gold record by buying a house at Hiawatha Lake, New Jersey, and moving his family—his mother, Nina, Charles and their children to the country. For him, this was the biggest of milestones. He says, "I had hated the places where we had lived in New York. Now I was able to do something about it. I had started to put my rebellion to work."

There he had the joy of seeing his mother live out her last years in comfort and security. There, Nina and Charles continue to make the home that Bobby returns to between shows.

Social scientists have a saying, "Rebellion is part of growing up. Bobby Darin goes farther than that. He regards rebellion as his greatest asset."

He says, "I'm rebellious by nature. If I don't like a thing, I won't accept it just because that's the way it has always been."

Just griping about things which disturb him is no good, either, Bobby believes. "I could kick myself for all the time I've wasted just being sore about a situation instead of trying to change it. You've got to learn to use your rebellion."

He cites two instances. "Some people in the entertainment business had me classified as a rock 'n' roller and insisted that was all I could do. They said I couldn't get as much as a night club booking out on Long Island and they laughed when I wanted to make an album. Well, I just made up my mind that I was going to shock the shoes off them."

Bobby cut loose on that album called, "That's All". In it, he did ballads, swing tunes, standard pop songs and that off-beat number from "Threepenny Opera" called "Mack The Knife". Some disc jockeys first played it out of curiosity alone. They wanted to find out just what kind of a fool this restricted rock 'n' roller had made of himself.

They played it again because they liked it, and they kept on playing "Mack" until it was issued as a single and swiftly went to Number One. Bobby Darin had become an entertainer. The kid who couldn't book into Long Island went into some of the top clubs in the country. The kid actor that no one would take for a walk-on role had his choice of motion picture contracts.

Bobby sums it up. "I said I'd show them, and I did. But to accomplish it, I had to do a little growing myself. I had to learn. That's what I mean by using my streak of rebellion. By using it, I've found the place where I belong." **END**

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# "My Baby's Four Fathers"

continued from page 57

if you want to give him just a tiny kiss.

"Mother, you're not kidding me, are you?" he pleaded. "You mean it, don't you? It's the truth?"

Paul, who is 14 months younger than Peter, was equally joyful. The first hurdle was scaled beautifully. I couldn't have been more rewarding.

Their warm spontaneous response set the tone of the whole baby-having experience. It wasn't, "Isn't it great that Mom's having a baby!" It was, "Isn't it great that we're having a baby!" It was like the whole family was going to have the baby, not just me.

While I was pregnant, I thought I had four husbands! Every evening Phillip would meet me at the car and help me carry everything to the house. He and the other boys looked after me as if I was a fragile flower—which is so nice for any girl who likes attention, and I don't know any girl who doesn't.

It was so touching to see the boys go out of their way to be considerate. They were kinder than usual. They'd scold me if I lifted anything. They checked me to make sure I visited the doctor regularly. Occasionally they'd even go with me to the obstetrician. They helped me get everything ready—the layette, the bassinets. The baby was theirs right from the beginning, even before she was born.

My boys even displayed a cheerful willingness to baby me and make allowances for my irritability, just as Lee did. While I was carrying the baby, I was working hard on filming my show, and there were times I just didn't feel well. Lee took the boys aside and explained why mother wasn't always cheery. He told them they

would have to be very understanding and patient. He cautioned that they would have to appreciate that there was a good reason if I didn't react with great gayety and enthusiasm to all the things they wanted to do. This made sense to my three solemn young men, and they were equal to the occasion. Far from being put out, they actually seemed to welcome the opportunity to do without. Somehow it made them feel that they were making tangible contributions to the safe birth of their baby.

Perhaps the greatest single sacrifice evolved one evening at dinner. I have to admit that it came about in the devout hope that just such an instinct would be aroused in them.

"Isn't it a pity," I mused, "that our home was built with the idea that our family was complete. Now we really have a problem. I just don't know how we're going to figure out a place to put the new baby that's coming."

Peter and Paul immediately exchanged glances. Each had a large bedroom separated only by a folding partition which they were able to open or close as they wished. Since they were only 14 months apart, they were—and still are—very close. Often, in fact, they would end up in the same bed at night. If a sacrifice was to come, that would have to be the source. I knew it, and Lee knew it. The question was—would they know it without being asked outright?

While in general the boys had been acting very mature, we realized that they still were children underneath. We didn't want to come right out and take a room

continued on page 74

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## "MY BABY'S FOUR FATHERS"

continued

away from one of them. Then they might feel deprived and act resentful.

"I have a darling place for the baby's bassinet, right in my own room," I continued to consider ways of meeting the problem. "But of course," I added with a frown, "I haven't worked out yet where we can put her crib. But we'll manage somehow, I'm sure."

No pun intended, honestly, but there followed a moment's pregnant silence. Then Peter and Paul chorused:

"Put the baby in *my* room!"

"We don't need all that space for just the two of us," Peter said.

"We have enough room for an ice rink,"

Paul agreed, although I must say his enthusiasm seemed a trifle forced, and therefore somewhat heroic.

Thus Peter and Paul *both* offered to give up their sides of the partitioned bedroom. And the nice part was that they did it as if it were entirely their own idea. Paul made the offer a little more reluctantly, but in the end he made the supreme sacrifice of his own volition, and he felt more than repaid with all the pats on the back he got.

The boys were part of it all the way. When I went to the hospital to have the baby, they visited me regularly. When Susie was born, they boasted that she was the most beautiful baby they had ever seen. They were thrilled to pieces to have a little girl in the bargain. This was something terribly special to them because they never had been around little girls.

I KNOW it seems incredible, but I don't believe there was one moment when the boys felt that Susie was a threat to their own security—either when she was expected, or after she was born. If they felt that way, I'm sure I'd have been able to sense it.

Nor do I think that blessing was entirely accidental. Lee and I both always have been very loving to the boys. Lee and I were careful to give them just as much love and attention as before. Very likely we showed them more affection than we would ordinarily.

Sometimes parents think that children, as they get older, don't want to be shown love by kissing or hugging. I was no exception. I used to think that Phil, my oldest, would be embarrassed for me to kiss him or baby him. Nonsense. He just loves it. Sometimes he'll tease me and say, "Mother, you're so immature."

Not too long ago Phil had about 16 boys from his YMCA Club, The Spartans, over to spend the night in sleeping bags. All of them, mind you, were big hulks of young men. But that didn't make any difference. I'd go in and say, "Is mother's baby all right?"

They all laughed at my teasing of him, and Phil, responding to my display of affection, enjoyed it, too.

Phillip—and Peter and Paul as well

—never have stopped responding to parental love. I believe in telling your children that you love them every day until they grow old. I don't think you ever should stop telling them. I think older children are embarrassed by affection only when they receive it infrequently.

So Susie's coming hasn't imposed any restrictions on the lives of the boys. It has been the same as ever, only enlarged, with the result that there simply has been no soil for feelings of resentment and jealousy to take root.

When I came home from the hospital with the baby, the boys immediately slipped into the role of little fathers. They weren't the least bit awed by the baby—chiefly, I suspect, because of Lee's example. Lee always could do everything for the baby that I could do. And he *loved* doing it, which was so important for the boys to see. Lee would change diapers no matter what their condition, feed the baby, burp her, know how to handle her when he played with her.

To the boys, these were no privileges reserved especially for their dad. They were wild about Susie from the minute she got home, and they too showered her with every attention from diaper changing to cuddling. Not as if these ministrations were chores—but as though they were their *rights*! Susie just thrived on the bountiful love. Everyone said she was just going to be spoiled to death, and I would laugh at their fears.

"You mean she's not spoiled? She doesn't cry?" Such would be the reactions.

"Of course not," I'd retort. "We never put her down."

In the beginning, I thought the boy's enthusiasm for their baby sister was just a novelty. I was sure the newness would wear off. But they never have gotten over it. Anytime anything has to be done for her, it is, "Let *me*! You know I wanted to do it, too."

The funny thing is that of all the family I was the only one who ever felt left out. With the boys always taking over, I was reluctant to give Susie up. I wanted to do for her. I got to thinking that pretty soon I'd have to return to work, and I wanted to get enough of her. Sometimes I had to force myself to give her up to them.

That was just about the only thing I had to watch. Those boys wanted her all the time, and there was only *one* baby. I kept thinking I should have had triplets. When they came home from school, the first thing they wanted to see was the baby. Fortunately they didn't all come home at the same time or I don't know what would have happened. I really had to be careful. Susie was being held all the time, and she needed to rest a little from all that love.

Their pride simply knew no bounds. They always were wanting to take her next door and show her off. They couldn't wait to display their new sister at Sunday School, so we started taking her there when she was only three months old. There was a constant battle to see which

one would take her to the nursery. After services, they would tear out to see which one would pick her up.

"I had her first!" the battle cries became familiar. "You took her last time."

As Susie got older, her three little extra fathers began to furrow their young brows. They were worried about us being too easy with her. They never neglected an opportunity to remind us when they thought we were remiss in scolding Susie. Sometimes they just threw up their hands and sighed, "What's the use!"

THAT has been the one area in which we've had to check their zeal. They are so anxious that Susie remain unspoiled and have good character that they all want to discipline her. Whichever one happens to be with her at the time acts like her father. They are constantly keeping her in line—either with harsh words or a slap on the hand. I had to have a talk with them about this and explain that no one should have too many bosses, and that therefore it would be wiser to leave the discipline to Lee and me.

"What do you want us to do?" would be their exasperated cry. "Just let her do those things?"

Of course the wonderful thing is that having "four fathers" hasn't spoiled Susie at all. She is the most pliable and best adjusted child I've ever been around. I've never seen a child easier to manage, who felt more secure or more serene. I can and have taken her just about everywhere. I've taken her on a steamship ride from San Francisco to Los Angeles, and on a plane trip, and she was thrilled and delighted with every minute of it.

For the very reason that she has been treated like a person, her eyes are just open to the world. She's never afraid of new people, new things or new places. She loves everyone—because, obviously, she has reason to feel that everyone loves her, too.

Occasionally, even I am surprised at the extent of her self-assurance. Once, after the Christmas holidays, I had to go to the hospital for treatment of a slipped disc. Some friends offered to care for Susie while I was away.

"You mean you want to take her overnight?" I asked. "Well, it's all right with me, but she may be a lot of trouble."

Susie offered no resistance to the adventure. She was thrilled to have her little suit case packed and to be picked up. She just had a picnic with my friends. She didn't object to anything they wanted to do with her.

They have a child of their own, six months older than Susie, and they were astounded at her behavior. They're still amazed. They can't get over it.

I may not be quite as mystified, but I never stop being enthralled. I'm sure that Susie's happy accommodation to life is the end product of all the affection she's been receiving.

She is living, radiant proof of what comes from having "four fathers". **END**



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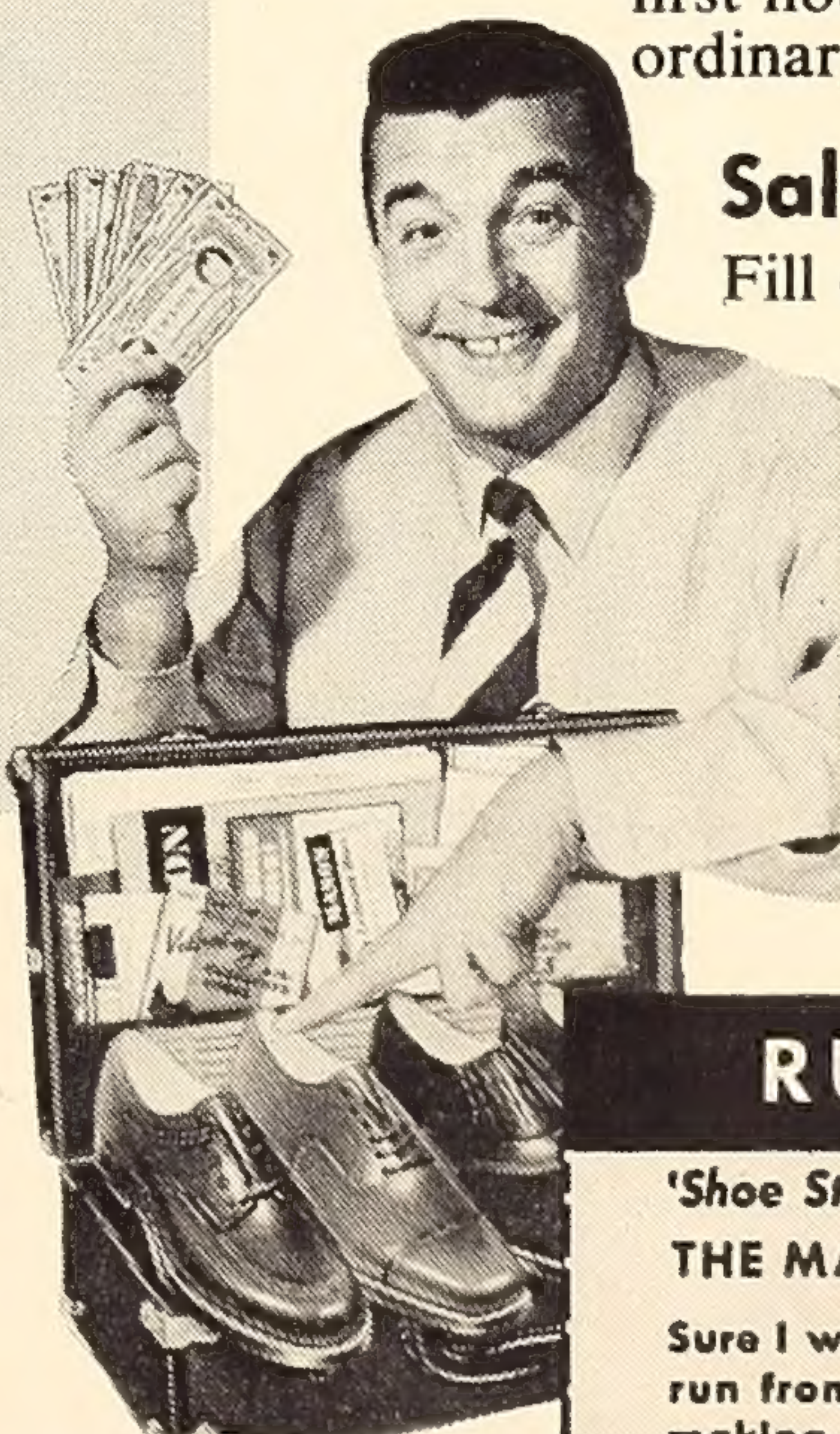
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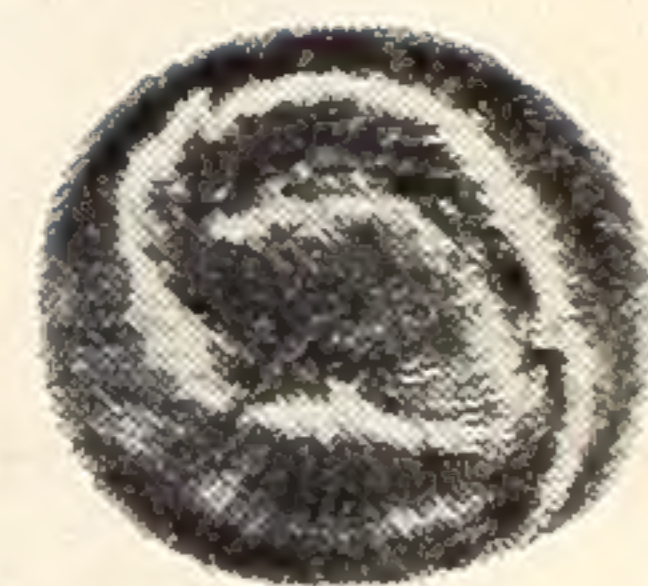
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